The Saturday Review of Literature

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IN THIS ISSUE

BERNARD DEVOTO

Reviews "Three Comrades" by Erich Maria Remarque

AMY LOVEMAN

Reviews "They Came Like Swallows" by William Maxwell

PAULA SNELLING

Reviews "The Outward Room" by Millen Brand

OLIVER LAFARGE

Reviews "Pipe All Hands" by H. M. Tomlinson

CHARLES WISNER BARRELL

Elizabethan Mystery Man

Acme

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE (Right)
With his wife, and their friend, Theo Macavoy

"A gang fight between two garage staffs over the possession of a wrecked automobile comes close to epitomizing ten years of human and social deterioration"

. . . *(See page 3)*

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The Woodrow Wilsons

by ELEANOR WILSON McADOO

"Her narrative flows easily along over shallows and depths; the diction is admirable. When you close this book, there remains no mysterious, unknown Wilson." —*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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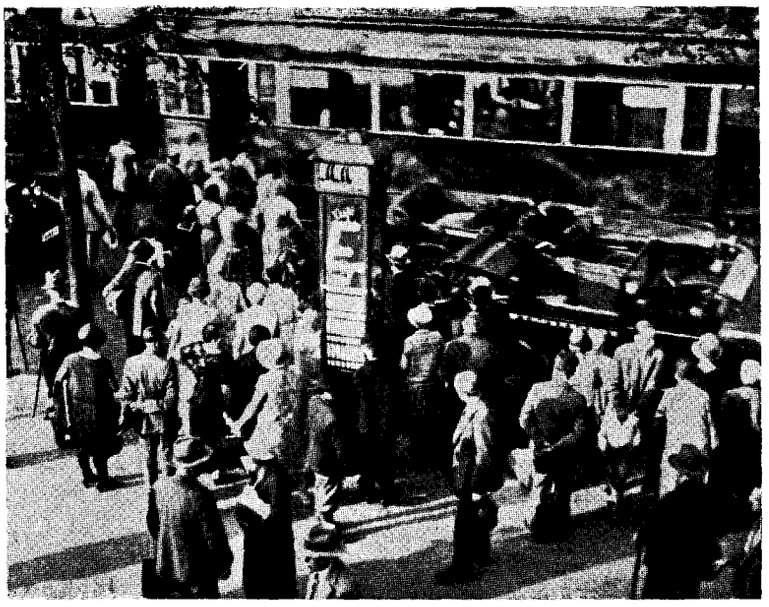
GERMANY in the Vortex

THREE COMRADES. By Erich Maria Remarque. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO



STREET SCENE, BERLIN

REMARQUE'S range is limited, but within it he has no superior among living novelists. One skill he has conspicuously, an ability to make commonplaces evoke the profoundest emotions, to focus immensities through the smallest and simplest details. There was a scene in "All Quiet on the Western Front" in which the stealing and cooking of a goose became an experience of shared ecstasy so savagely ironical that it was almost intolerable. In "Three Comrades," his new novel about the Germany of 1928, a gang fight between two garage staffs over the possession of a wrecked automobile comes close to epitomizing ten years of human and social deterioration. When Lenz, one of the three comrades, is killed for no reason except the impulse of a storm-trooper, one of the "young bastards who were still in their cradles then," he is buried in his old uniform blouse with the blood-stains and shrapnel tears of an earlier wound. When Robby, at the sanitarium, looks at the X-ray pictures of Patricia's chest, he sees not her bones but her skeleton.

The shooting of Lenz is the only scene in which the theme of the disintegrating Germany is overt. Elsewhere it is neither phrased nor alluded to, but it is the ether in which all the events of the book, all the acts and feelings of the characters, necessarily and inexorably exist. The past, Robby says, had taught them to live on short credits. They had come back from the war,

> like miners from a pit disaster, young and disillusioned of everything but ourselves. We had meant to wage war against the lies, the selfishness, the greed, the inertia of the heart that was the cause of all that lay behind us; we had become hard, without trust in anything but our comrades beside us and in things—the sky, trees, the earth, bread, tobacco, that never played false to any man—and what had come of it? All collapsed, perverted, and forgotten. And to those who had not forgotten was left only powerlessness, despair, indifference, and schnapps. The day of great dreams for the future of mankind was past.

So they live on short credits, trusting only in comrades and in things, assured only that God is an old soldier. And around them not only the social order but the order of the mind's known habits and hopes and consolations steadily crumbles away. They are hardly aware of the attrition: their lives are the attrition. Lilli, a prostitute, makes a good marriage because she has put some money away; her husband uses it up and casts her off as a prostitute, and she comes back to the International Café. Hasse, the petty clerk, works endless overtime in terror of losing his little job, loses his wife instead because she wants amusement and a better room at the boarding house, and hangs himself when the other clerk is discharged instead just too late. Some of the unemployed feed themselves on beauty in the art museum, even during the warm months; one of them faints in a bookmaker's stall. Violence lives in the nerve-ends—Alfons has to be watched, Robby murderously beats up a porter. The little people have neither security nor a faith; the mass neurosis quivers, and shrewd men bellow at them in meetings. No matter what happens, "it is part of the times."

But there are things—bread, tobacco, schnapps—and there is comradeship. Köster and Lenz and Robby were together in the war; they are together now in a garage business, though Köster was once a medical student and Robby was a musician. There comes to be a fourth, Patricia Hollmann, who becomes Robby's mistress. The novel is a passionate and heartbreaking rhapsody on love and friendship. They too are conditioned by the times; first the garage is lost, then Köster must sell his beloved car to pay Pat's fees at the sanitarium; Lenz is shot and Pat dies; Robby and Köster are left adrift.

Remarque's method is simple and so stark that sometimes, especially in the last scenes, it suggests Hemingway; but the book moves on many more levels of meaning than ever got into a Hemingway novel. The last scenes, too, have a setting that recalls "The Magic Mountain," but are the very antithesis of Mann's metaphysical drama. Remarque is content to tell the immediate story of immediate individuals; he tells it with a compassion that brings the universe in their wake. He plumbs deep through a narrow aperture, sees far off by looking near at hand. "Three Comrades" is a memorable love story; it is also a memorable novel about the tortured spirit of man. It tells a story of four inconsiderable items in the back streets of Berlin, and how they lived from day to day in a small routine of hazard and panicky competition; so it contrives to tell, gravely and implacably, more

Next Week

THE DETECTIVE SPIRIT IN CRITICISM
By ELMER EDGAR STOLL (See page 11)

FAMOUS AMERICAN MEN OF SCIENCE
By J. G. CROWTHER
Reviewed by John Riordan

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about Germany in the vortex than has been told in any other novel. One reads it with an intensity so quiet that not till the end is it recognizable as desperation. This significance that comes upon you unaware, as a necessary consequence of an imaginary story of imagined lives which seem to be only themselves and to symbolize nothing more, is surely as fine a quality as fiction can have. "Three Comrades" is the art of fiction in its properest functioning, unmixed with anything extraneous, a novel to be remembered much longer than most, an achievement of the first order.

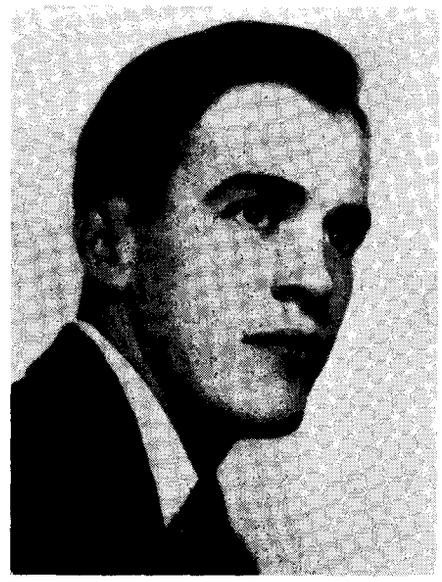
Family Life through the Eyes of Children

THEY CAME LIKE SWALLOWS. By William Maxwell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

CHILDHOOD recollected in maturity is all too apt to take on the color of adult thought, and shimmer in a haze which is in part remembrance of things past and for the rest elder age's rationalization of them. To recapture the elusive wistfulness of youth, to reconstruct its fears and confusions, the fleeting poignancy of its pain and ecstasy of its joy, and to present them unalloyed by the exaggerations of memory needs a singular clarity of insight and emotion. Mr. Maxwell's book is one of those rare tales in which childhood is reflected in the simplicity and intensity of its own experience. But it is more than that, and it is a charming book, because it is one in which while childhood is true to itself, the familiar experience of childhood is shaped into something lovely and significant by the compassion in which mature understanding wraps it. Mr. Maxwell has a warmth of comprehension, a delicacy of insight not only into the mood and emotions of youth but into those of maturity which augurs well for his future as a novelist. He has a knack for portraying character in a few strokes, a nice discrimination in the choice of incident and trait, which give vivacity and individuality even to the personalities who make the most casual appearance in his tale. His story is compact, economical, and straightforward, and has a deliberate inarticulateness of emotion which lends it strength and beauty.

"They Came Like Swallows" is the simplest of tales, for it is merely the story of a family life entirely contained within the home, projected through the eyes of two little boys and their father, and focused about the gracious figure of their mother. The first third of the book is



WILLIAM MAXWELL

Bunny's, the second, Robert's, and the last Mr. Morison's, but in each the pivot and inspiration of daily life is the wise, undemonstrative, tender woman who is awaiting another child and in the meanwhile counseling, laughing at, soothing, and loving her men folk big and little. Mr. Maxwell has drawn her with sure and loving skill and made her real and convincing. With subtle strokes, a half sentence, a glance, a caress, she is made to come to life, and the influence she is supposed to exert rendered entirely credible. She is such a mother as there are thousands to be found, and such a one as by the wisdom and tact of her love knows how to buttress her family against any ill the future may hold, even the loss of herself. Mr. Maxwell has been singularly successful in creating a character whose distinction resides in no dramatic qualities but in a quiet understanding.

Commonplace happenings, commonplace conversations, life flowing on as it did for thousands of families in hundreds of towns in the United States as the war was drawing to an end, woven together by an art that is discriminating and touched to life by sympathy and understanding—that is Mr. Maxwell's book. Love brushes his story for a brief moment in the abortive reconciliation between the children's aunt and her divorced husband, and tragedy shadows it in the end in the death of the mother. Tragedy but not sentimentality, for Mr. Maxwell ends his novel with a fine simplicity that is both strong and moving. His story has restricted scope, but within the bounds of what it sets out to do it achieves its end with precision and subtlety.

I make no claims of large importance for this book. But I repeat that it is a lovely one. I like it and I want to reread it. And I am eager to see what Mr. Maxwell will do next.

Return to Reality

THE OUTWARD ROOM. By Millen Brand. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1937. $1.25.

Reviewed by PAULA SNELLING

MILLEN BRAND has written a distinctive first novel. It is the story of Harriet Demuth, a young woman who in her early twenties is partially recovering from the manic depressive cycle into which she had plunged when an acute emotional shock made reality too unpleasant. The first few pages establish a mood and give vivid fragments of life in the asylum. The parts which tell her emotional history and suggest causes and effects, though correct so far as they go, are made neither artistically nor scientifically strong enough to convince the ordinary reader who knows little and resents more the theories invoked. But these first fifty pages definitely grip one's interest.

In the next section Harriet, still unwilling to take life up where she left it seven years before or to view it anew through her doctor's eyes, yet finding hospital environment no longer sufficient, escapes to New York where there are no ties to bind her to her past. The pages which detail the evading of surveillance, stealing a ride under a train, hunger, hitch-hiking, grow a little tedious. In the city, she exhausts her scant resources in vain search for a job; then is given kindness, shelter, food, and—soon—love by a simple factory worker. Such routine tasks as she takes over in their life together, and the security inspired by John's strength, bring her a step nearer recovery. Not till after their physical union, which she enjoyed but did not want to enjoy, sensing in it an infidelity

MILLEN BRAND

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVI, No. 1, May 1, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

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to that inner death which she had chosen and kept faith with for seven years, did Harriet tell John of her cyclic insanity.

For a year their life goes on together, Harriet always taking more than she will give. But the therapy of simple rhythms, the sanity imposed on the distraught by routine tasks, restore her to a period of comparative health in which hospital scenes and tortured memories are less frequent. When next the manic phase seems imminent, their love suffices to stave it off. And, on the last page, we are assured that Harriet has chosen life—though this is here brought about a little too neatly.

Mr. Brand's success in excluding all that is extraneous to his story and in expressing the remainder in direct and lucid prose would under most circumstances be an artistic achievement of high order. But it fails of adequacy here, I believe, for certain reasons. People in general are unwilling to face the fact that emotional or mental abnormality can have any bearing on their own lives and they hold suspect, in themselves or in others, any interest evinced in the subject. Hence there is a resistance to be overcome and a simple style is perhaps not the best tool with which to do it. Could the author have used a prose so surcharged with feeling as to make direct appeal to the hidden emotions of the reader it might have convinced by its own authentic fire. And perhaps, too, it would have supplied the momentum needed to carry the reader through that other half of the book in which the routine of Harriet's daily occupations grows tedious to one not in need of it as a balm. But whatever flaws one finds are traceable to the subtle difficulties in the task Mr. Brand has here assumed, and despite them he has placed himself in the front ranks among America's promising novelists.

Almond Tree

By SARA BARD FIELD

THE almond's lovely transient spawn
Lies white on the still leafless bough.
Tomorrow it will all be gone.
I'll take time off to watch it now.

For even as I pause to peer,
The fragile flowers with winds have met:
A petal there, a petal here
Is taken in the airy net.

Before the last buds break, the first
No longer light the limb to see
The miracle of starry burst
That they began upon the tree.

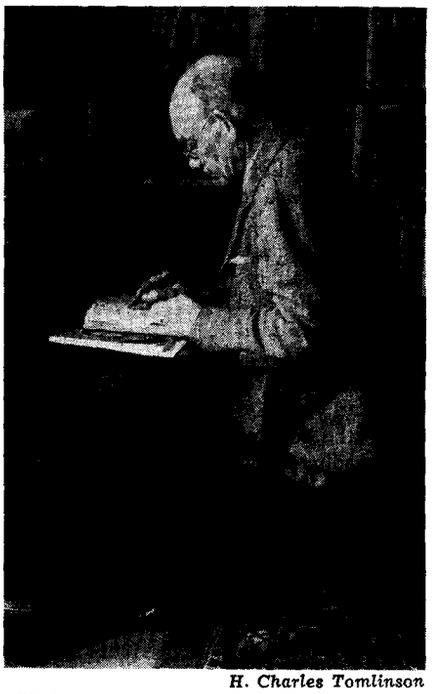
Here beauty is more manifest
In brevity than anywhere.
I must not leave a moment lest
On my return some twig be bare.

Mr. Tomlinson and the Sea

PIPE ALL HANDS. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

REALLY to handle the mystery of the sea requires sensitivity, knowledge, personal force, and an unusual artistic gift. In short, it takes a great writer to handle a great theme. Sea-writers who are more than good (and only the best even approach adequacy, there are no seconds in such matters) come very infrequently. I don't intend to equate Tomlinson and Melville, and if anybody mentions the mantle of Conrad I hope he chokes, but these names come to mind, particularly Melville, and one can think—and discard—for a long time without turning up any others in recent times.



H. Charles Tomlinson

H. M. TOMLINSON IN HIS STUDY
At work on the MS of "Pipe All Hands."

In reading "Pipe All Hands," one is so struck by the author's ability to convey by and between his words the nature of things which words in fact cannot express, that one is inclined to forget to ask whether or not his plot is technically good. As a matter of fact the plot of "Pipe All Hands" is obvious, it leans heavily upon coincidence, has artificial suspense at the close, and is finally tied in a neat little bow-knot of sugary happy endings. That is, the plot, the constructed story, of characters, which is in fact no more than a vehicle to carry the major story of men and sea and ship, of seaman, master, owner and agent, boiler-room and bridge, in which out of all the parts appears at length the unified whole which is the spirit and essence of seafaring. According to the nature of the reader, the weaknesses of the formal plot will be minor irritations to be disregarded, or serious faults in an otherwise splendid book.

This is not the first time that Tomlinson has shown his rare capacity for wholeness. One is not surprised that he writes, not the story of one part of a vessel, but a sea tale in its widest sense. There is none of this business of thumping one's chest about the engine-room and damning the archaism of sail in a "Hairy Ape" modernity; the *Hestia* fits into the whole line of ships from coracles to the latest thing off the ways in the Clyde.

The sensitive prose builds up the whole by carefully woven narrative, by a multitude of small touches, the bow of the tramp steamer, the boatswain's character, the captain, the smell of the engine-room, ports, colors of the different oceans, without insistence or purple passages, so that often lovely bits of writing glide smoothly by the reader without his realizing more than that he has received a delightfully complete visualization.

The archeologist and his daughter who become passengers upon the *Hestia*, the owner who by chance is aboard the great liner which answers her call for help, are drawn in the flat. They are mechanisms for providing perceptions which could not logically be handled otherwise. A seaman, busy at his work and long accustomed to the sea, at once knows too well what a first-rate storm means to a rotten old tub and is too used to it to think about it in terms which will convey its meaning to an inland reader, but a frightened girl on board will see the thing in terms which carry full force. A series of views of the same storm from the little steamer's bridge, from the liner's, through the eyes of different members of the crew, of the two passengers, in the engine-room, in the salon, end by encompassing one of nature's major violences until the reader can locate its inexpressible center for himself.

We get floods of poor sea books, just as we get poor Westerns and poor historical novels, because obtuse writers are undisturbed by the grandeur of their hopeless subject. We get some pretty good stories laid aboard ship. We do not often get an achievement like "Pipe All Hands," whatever its faults may be. Tomlinson hasn't merely repeated himself: with a long, distinguished list behind him, he is still producing new ones.

Oliver LaFarge is the author of "Long Pennant," a tale of American seamen.

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A Diplomat in Action

TALLEYRAND. By Comte de Saint-Aulaire. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $3.50.

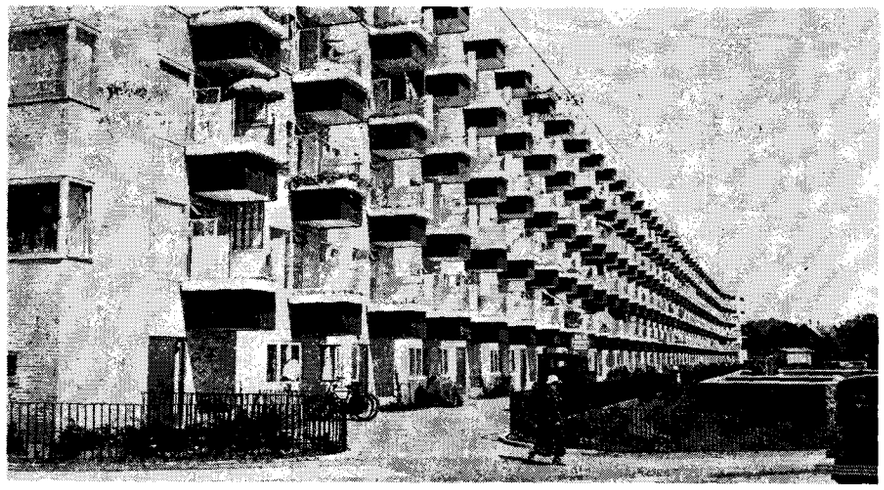
Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE late M. Lacour-Gayet in four heavy volumes collected enough facts about Talleyrand to last a whole generation of biographers. M. de Saint-Aulaire, who concluded a successful career in the French diplomatic service as Ambassador to England from 1920 to 1924, and has since devoted himself to writing, is the last to quarry in M. Lacour-Gayet's material. His book is less a biography than a critical commentary on the statemanship of Talleyrand, woven together with anecdotes about the Prince and his contemporaries and with all sorts of *obiter dicta* about diplomacy, politics, and the art of living. He contrives to bring in almost all the anecdotes, good and bad, that have gathered around the person of the always legendary Talleyrand, ex-bishop, ex-deputy, ex-Prince of Bénévent. M. de Saint-Aulaire is allusive, as a man of wide reading and culture has a right to be; his style is loaded almost to the breaking-point with epigrams and maxims; he is, like so many Frenchmen since Proust, always searching for depth and finding it in an obscurity a little odd in the language of Voltaire. And yet these criticisms—which amount to the confession that the book is hard reading—may rest in large part on the fact that this is a translation from the French. It is certainly not a smooth translation, though there is no evidence that it is an inaccurate one, or that the translators have skimped their work.

M. de Saint-Aulaire is at his best when he is appraising Talleyrand's work as a diplomatist. The Prince was an altogether admirable technician in a profession which has a known technique. Diplomacy is no doubt a pursuit unworthy of the high-souled, and it will not be practised in the Classless Society. In the meantime, skillful diplomacy can be told from unskillful as easily as skillful tennis from unskillful, and in both instances experts can often describe the differences in words so that the rest of us can understand it. M. de Saint-Aulaire is such an expert, and he has told us more about the most important aspect of Talleyrand's life than any other writer. He might have stopped with an analysis of Talleyrand's technique, his use of means towards certain ends. Actually he goes further, and concludes that the ends themselves for which Talleyrand used his skill were on the whole those of a cultivated, sensible, patriotic Frenchman. He is not shocked by Talleyrand's private immorality, nor greatly worried over the relation between public and private morality. He shows, if anything, a slight tendency to gloat over the lying, peculation, and sexual promiscuity which help so obviously to keep his epigrams panting on.

As a historian, M. de Saint-Aulaire has faults in practice inseparable from his rank and his career. He belongs to an aristocracy rallied by patriotism, and by coarser necessities, to the support of a government outrageous to many of their strongest sentiments. Even moderate Rightists, like M. de Saint-Aulaire, and still more the undisguised monarchists of the extreme Right, tend to blame the great French Revolution for their present spiritual and physical discomforts. They have built up an elaborate explanation of French history since 1789 in what Cochin called the "plot" thesis—the quite untenable notion that a little band of wicked freemasons got together and put the whole Revolution over on a world sound at heart, and fond of its rulers. M. de Saint-Aulaire's subject involves him in precisely that period towards which his sentiments prevent his displaying even the relatively slight detachment necessary for writing passable history. Sometimes he lapses further, beyond the chartable ground of his sentiments on the French Revolution. It is very hard to see what this means: "By qualifying Talleyrand to return to the Parisian stage and play the premier role after Bonaparte, America was merely continuing to export anarchy to France in exchange for the independence she had received from her." If M. de Saint-Aulaire means that the example of the American Revolution helped the French revolutionists in their wicked plots, he is, if not very original, at least clear. But how Talleyrand's return to France can be brought under "to export anarchy," especially by a writer who considers Talleyrand a sound conservative, is not at all clear.

As history, then, this book needs to be taken with an adequate corrective; as an expert description of how a diplomatist works, it is a first-rate, reliable job; as a piece of a clever Frenchman's mind, it is almost too representative—almost too much the work of an *homme moyen intellectuel* to bear exportation.



NINETY PER CENT OF THE INHABITANTS OF COPENHAGEN LIVE IN FLATS. *From "Denmark: the Kingdom of Reason."*

Happy Isles

DENMARK: THE KINGDOM OF REASON. By Agnes Rothery. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by KARIN MICHAËLIS

I NEVER fancied that a stranger could look at my country with such love and understanding as Agnes Rothery. She describes land, people, and customs as if she had spent her lifetime in studying our Kingdom of Reason. Follow her from Skagens point, where two seas meet, to the southern boundary, where once the blood of Denmark flowed, and the people yearned for their fatherland, till after the World War they again became part of their own country. Follow her, when she knocks at the door of some humble peasant home and divulges how little the farmer needs to exist, if work, health, and happiness are his lot.

Do not forget to look into the huge pigsties, that produce for the Englishman his beloved breakfast bacon! And see the farmer cultivate his soil to sheer perfection by modern methods. Then follow her to the great estates of the gentry, where magnificent paintings and tapestries cover the walls, and oriental treasures bear witness to our formerly mighty commercial fleet, which sailed the seven seas; mansions where the owners hunt and dance and dine. Stroll with her to Amalienborg in easy-going Copenhagen, where the king's guard changes, and the king salutes his people like a good friend.

Miss Rothery gives an account of the Danish political system, coöperatives, and social legislation. Considerable research has gone into this book. The remarkably fine photographs, which illustrate the volume, were taken by the author's husband. They make the reader sense that quiet yet romantic beauty which distinguishes Denmark.

Karin Michaëlis is a Danish novelist, several of whose works have been translated into English.

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A Novel—and a Prophecy

TRUMPET OF JUBILEE. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Bros. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. LEWISOHN'S later novels have all seemed to suffer badly because of the presence in them of irreconcilable elements. Each of them is illumined by that beautifully articulate prose style, one of the finest in modern writing; at the same time each is scourged by that fervent striving for social prophecy, which, because it issues out of no special equipment for such a role, serves only to confuse what has been clear, to destroy a good novel without providing in its place a good pamphlet. This is only too apparent in "Trumpet of Jubilee." Here the schism is so sharp that one may actually place a finger upon page 187, the end of the First Book, and say, "This is the end of what is, in itself, an excellent novelette, and here begins an amorphous and confused document."

This First Book is a straight narrative account of life in Berlin in 1933, the days of the first anti-Jewish purge. As such it is a masterful, impressive piece of work. The tale of sadism and helplessness has already been thoroughly documented by Billinger and Feuchtwanger, to name only two, but it is well worth the retelling, particularly when the writer is one who knows how to weave art and history into so tight and sustained a design. And there are few who can make such profound use of the resources of Freudian psychology as does Lewisohn, to point his meanings. It is in this light that the portraits of Kurt Weiss, the Jewish lawyer, and of his Aryan partner, Johannes von Wegener, stand forth significantly. Both are subjected to the unendurable pressure of Nazi propaganda; the destruction of the one and the disintegration of the other are twin phenomena that make this half of the book notable in any collection of reports from that stricken city.

But what of the Second Book, subtitled Apocalypse? Now Lewisohn shakes off the restraints of narrative and plunges into prophecy, into the years from 1940 to 1950 in America and the world at large. Our first reaction is this realization: that the further you venture into the future (if you mean to be serious), the surer must be your grasp upon every item that makes up the present. To write of fascism's attack upon America you must have not only a hatred of fascism, which Mr. Lewisohn has, but a thorough, earthy, folkways knowledge of America, such as Sinclair Lewis has, such as Mr. Lewisohn has no inkling of. That is why his picture of America and American politics in the '40s is so far from convincing as to be droll, since it is not America at all. Place this section beside "It Can't Happen Here" and note how Lewis has created the unknown out of the known, while Lewisohn has attempted to create it out of thin air.

The pages are filled with ideas touching upon every ill we have in the world today, ideas wrenched with sincerity out of much thought and probing, but yet so disconnected and at cross-purposes, so out of touch with the ills themselves, as to cancel each other hopelessly. Enough has been set forth to make the only point this Second Book can possibly make, that a book cannot, any more than a society, be built out of ideas, unbuttressed by constant and studious reference to data. We have the feeling here that Mr. Lewisohn believes the highly imaginative and artistic equipment he possesses to be enough for any task he may choose. The truth seems to be that only a great deal of the common drudgery that students know, among papers, books, files, and especially people, can supply the basis for a social diagnosis, without which such a section as "Apocalypse" is apocryphal.

Enigmatic Emperor

THE GAUDY EMPIRE. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN "Another Cæsar," published here in 1935, Alfred Neumann told as fiction, but with scrupulous regard for historical fact and probability, the strange rise of Louis Napoleon from the unlikeliest of European pretenders to Emperor of the French. In "The Gaudy Empire," he deals in the same fashion with the slow decline of the emperor's power from 1856 to 1870, the Italian war, the Mexican adventure, the belated experiments with liberalism, the vacillating foreign policy. The Franco-Prussian war is touched only in the epilogue which ends with the stricken exile still scheming and hoping on his death bed. Together the two books provide a vivid portrait of Napoleon III, a plausible interpretation of his enigmatic character, and a fascinating account of his fantastic story.

From the jacket of "The Gaudy Empire"

The matter of this second novel is more familiar and less obviously entertaining. The emperor, the restless prisoner of an age he was shrewd enough to use but not strong enough to dominate, had left personal adventures largely behind him; his adventures were those of France, and the opportunism, the fatalistic surrender to uncharted currents, which had led to private comedy, drifted towards public tragedy. Yet, in this telling, the emperor's character becomes clearer, more integrated, and somehow more commanding as he becomes more passive, more isolated by weariness and pain, more certainly a failure. The counter portrait of Rochefort, the radical journalist, a person as complex and puzzling as the emperor himself, sensitive indicator of the secret tides to which Napoleon had ceased to vibrate, gives an added dimension to his great enemy, and depth to the whole picture of the age. Around these two are grouped dozens of lesser figures, Eugenie, Morny, Cavour, Bismarck, Clemenceau, painted with accurate if familiar strokes.

Neumann's strength has always been in discerning the interaction between temperaments and the spirit of an age. One guesses that he is a novelist rather than a historian largely because of his interest in the way the time spirit makes of not extraordinary individuals the heroes and villains it needs. In such matters the documents are dumb; only the intuition of the artist can speak. The stacks of memoirs and letters, of forgotten novels and reviews, of public documents and old newspaper files which must have gone into the writing of this book are appalling to think of. But such labor would have been useless without the artistic power which creates from them the feeling of their age, without the insight which leaps from the fragmentary data to revelations of character which have the ring of truth.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Present State of Poetry

MANY explanations have been offered of the small and smaller part which poetry seems to play in our general reading, but none of them is very satisfactory. It cannot be that we are losing our sense for rhythm, for we dance, and music grows in popularity. It is not true that we have fewer opportunities to get the habit of reading rhythmic words, for no school for little children omits the practice of reading poetry, and it is in childhood, the habit-forming age, that poetry usually enters the home. Undoubtedly it is true that the vast amount of flat prose, especially newspaper prose, consumed by the American reader, does breed a habit of skipping anything not set in print in the usual manner. But this begs the question, since some prejudice against poetry must precede the skipping, even if we disregard the too certain fact that interpolated quotations from poetry are very likely to be irrelevant anyway, and skipped without harm.

A reason is worth seeking, since it would be a calamity if the decline in the reading of poetry should continue until only poets read poetry, a situation which some think is almost approximated now. Fortunately there is no decline in the supply of poets, who now more than ever before take in each other's washing in little magazines and slender booklets. But however relaxing and releasing the writing of even inferior verse may be, the function of poetry as the most completely articulate of all language, is too well known to let us prophesy happily of a culture too lazy or too deaf to read when it does not write.

There are two possible reasons for the wide decline of poetry reading, both less radical (and less absurd) than Carlyle's idea that poetry belongs to the childhood of the race and inevitably declines with sophistication. Such a statement is only Teutonic mysticism and generalization. Homer would never produce in New York; but the reason is the very simple one that New York could never make itself articulate through a Homer.

First, it may be that poetry with us is suffering from that widespread specialization which has affected so many other activities. This sounds also like generalization, but it is a generalization that can be supported by plenty of evidence. The division of labor which has been a feature of industrialization has its close affinity in the specialization in sport, in education, in manual training, in knowledge which is a characteristic of our society. Only classicists read the classics, only scientists collect specimens, only linguists perfect themselves in foreign languages, only hikers take walks, only scholars form libraries, and, until the recent inspirations of progressive education, only professionals were expected to make music or to paint. There is no doubt that the reading of poetry has become a specialism, to our hurt. The sense of its universal human value has atrophied. It is something that in a hurrying world which constantly feeds us with crude sensation can be left to the literary if not to the poets. And this is one reason why so many widely read moderns do not seem to the discriminating to be well read men and women. They lack those two inevitable and indispensable results of the right training in poetry—sensitiveness to subtle meaning and emotional responsiveness. Their vicarious life in art has been extensive but emotionally limited.

Another reason for the decay of poetry reading must be advanced with more hesitancy, since it involves larger issues. It is very possible that there is a serious maladjustment between poetry and the times. The obscurity of current poetry has been too much discussed to need going over, and so has its frequent failure to make the new language of symbolism emotionally comprehensible except to a highly intellectualized, and usually highly educated, reader. This, however, may be added by way of a suggestion. Unquestionably the chief function of poetry is not to present ideas, but to make articulate the emotions to which a given age is particularly sensitive. These vary sharply, even within a century, as can be seen readily enough by comparing the romantic egoism of the Byronic age with the moral sentiment which so stirred the Victorians, or with the confident expansiveness which the success of Western industrialism pumped into the nineties and early nineteen hundreds. They vary, but it would seem that if they are to become impressively articulate, the poets must have most of all confidence, even if, as in the morbid romantics, it be the confidence of despair. But there is no confidence in our era, except in machines. There is, on the contrary, a widespread emotional confusion. Under its political and social names this confusion appears as fanatic adherence to rival social systems such as fascism or communism, or in doubts of the stability of our civilization. But regarded not as thinking but as feeling, this confusion is a whirlpool of the emotions which no longer run surely toward known destinations, but tumble and mount up as if human nature were reshaping (as it often has done before) its responses to environment.

In such a time poetry may be infinitely sensitive to the quality of our emotions, but not likely to be articulate for the general reader. It is sensitive to emotions themselves highly complex and often chaotic, and at its best is comprehensible only to those self-conscious of their own confusion. Or if it follows only old emotional patterns, speaking for emotions which have become conventional, it loses its prophetic quality and sinks to mere verse. And there is a sound argument which says that good prose is not only easier reading but better reading than poetry which is not real poetry at all but only pretty good verse.

The reader who wishes to add names and cases to these paragraphs may be able to prove to his own satisfaction how truly this analysis applies to the modern poetry which he regards as significant, and to the reading habits of his literate friends.

H. S. C.

In Place of Allusion Literature is deprived of its full impact, of course, in proportion as its readers become ignorant of the connotations it can carry. When the Bible ceased to be the staple of everyman's reading, and again when the classics began to be dropped as obligatory subjects in schools and colleges, it was pointed out that much of the greatest poetry and literature would lose richness through lack of understanding of their Scriptural and classical allusion. And there can indeed be no doubt that for the average man, even for the average well-educated man, some of the noblest writings of the past have less import than they had for an earlier generation.

But what has been lost in one way is in a fair way of being regained in another. Curiously enough in all the discussion that has gone on about the relation of literature to the screen, little has been said of the aid the motion picture is rendering the author in making the background of his writing intelligible to the public. When before has he been able to count, as now he can, on readers to whom foreign scenes and strange peoples need only allusion to bring them vividly to mind, when not only landscape but activities have a reality that needs merely brief reference to evoke? Knowledge on the part of his readers is a powerful reinforcement to the imagination of the author. It is also a challenge to his powers. It will be interesting to see as time goes on how the writer employs the knowledge engendered by the motion picture to enhance his art.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *Picture Journalism; George Eliot's Style*

"The Modern Keyhole"

SIR:—Splendid! Your editorial in the April 17 issue, entitled, "The Modern Keyhole." Some one just *had* to write that article. I'm glad that you came forth in no mincing terms! You expressed, I'm sure, the thoughts of many of your readers.

Perhaps harm *is* being done. The only hope now is that the pendulum has swung so far and so quickly in photographing the vulgar and horrible that it will quiver to a stop because it has struck too hard and too raucously.

There are American readers of discernment who still enjoy their news unphotographed, just as they enjoy their literary magazines unabridged, and who are not "taken in" by this "new picture journalism." But it does seem pitiable that the mass of readers are creating a demand for the sensational and the shuddering. Back to the homes and the schools must go the serious responsibility of educating for refinement and beauty in words and pictures.

AMY PARKER.

Fennimore, Wis.

SIR:—Your editorial in the April seventeenth issue of the *SRL* so completely expresses my feeling regarding the recent deluge of magazines consisting mainly of photographs that I must compliment you upon it. There is, however, one bright spot in the general gloom. Being a college librarian I have watched with some trepidation the Friday rush to get *Life* as soon as it appears. But I am now glad to report that an increasing number of the students whose opinions seem to matter are expressing disappointment and even disapproval. Their sentiments don't seem to prevent their reading the magazine, but at least they don't fight for it, and they are not so eulogistic in their remarks about it.

Of course, what they say about it may be influenced by the fact that they know I don't like it. There's always that to consider.

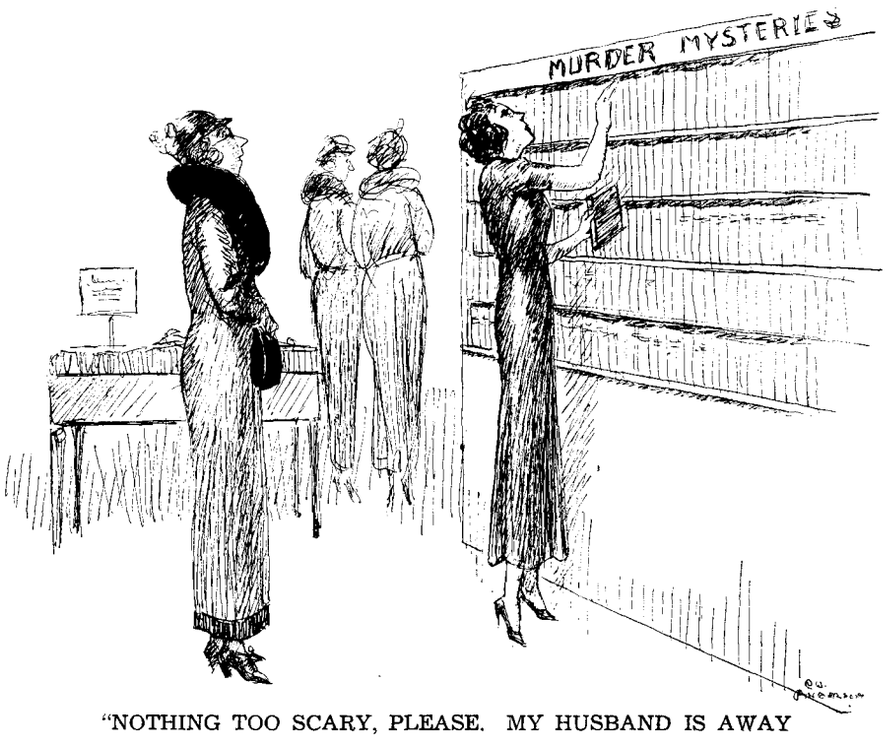
IRMA A. ZINK, *Librarian.*

Washington, D. C.

The Schoolteachers' Novel

SIR:—In explaining her disagreement with my comments on "Silas Marner," Martha F. Christ writes you: "First, it is an example of a fairly well-built story with rising action, development, and climax. The characters are few and well sketched in; the plot is simple. . . ." In the next column, on the same subject, Albert B. Franklin mentions "the schematic vivisection of literature that is the pedagogue's only critical approach." I am very grateful to Mr. Franklin.

With him I have no quarrel. He liked the novel and I don't like it. I would merely suggest, in order to make us even, that he read it again and see whether he still likes it. If he does, perhaps he will also like Wister's "Virginian," another of the pedagogues' favorites.



"NOTHING TOO SCARY, PLEASE. MY HUSBAND IS AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END."

Nor is there any point in arguing with Miss Christ. For one thing, she has misunderstood almost everything I said. (I did not, for example, recommend "Anthony Adverse" to the schools or to anyone else.) But when Miss Christ praises George Eliot's style as "smooth and without those eccentricities which mar the work of many moderns," she is talking about something tangible. Let us open the book at random.

> It was still that glorious war time which was felt to be a peculiar favor of Providence towards the landed interest, and the fall of prices had not yet come to carry the race of small squires and yeomen down that road to ruin for which extravagant habits and bad husbandry were plentifully anointing their wheels.

Let us read further, and in three more pages everyone except the English teachers will be ringing up the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

J. H.

"One Mighty Torrent"

SIR:—After the high praise Mr. Garrett Mattingly bestows on my book, "One Mighty Torrent," it may seem ungracious to quarrel with a few reservations, and I should regret appearing as one of those acrimonious writers who snarl at anything less than abject agreement. In two respects, however—although I am sure with no intention of distortion—Mr. Mattingly's remarks convey a not entirely accurate impression.

I believe no more than Mr. Mattingly does himself in deceptive invention or suppression in biography. Strachey's liberties with facts and documents, and his animus against some of his characters, I subjected to a strong indictment, and in romanticized biography condemned fiction masquerading as recorded fact. Mrs. Gaskell and Forster were praised, it is true, for their characteristic merits; but I censured the one for her partisanship and readiness to report hearsay and the other for his Mrs. Grundyish omissions.

It would have been enjoyable to include the people whom Mr. Mattingly notes as absent from my pages. But "One Mighty Torrent" was already 200,000 words long; "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which had once been there, fell by the wayside because, rich as it is in autobiographical revelation, it did not seem to me to focus in its heart so many of the characteristic forces of modern society as are reflected by D. H. Lawrence and Lincoln Steffens. If Darwin and Huxley were left out it was not because of any overwhelming preoccupation with the merely "art" biography, but because they throw little real light on the scientific *weltanschauung* of the nineteenth century. Hardly more than a third, in fact, of the main figures in the book are exclusively men of letters; and the choices were dictated by a search for those that could most vividly reveal the living texture of their times.

When the truth depends so much on emphasis rather than on sharply drawn outlines nothing could be more unfair, nor further from my mind, than accusing Mr. Mattingly of unfairness. For the lucid merits of his review as a whole I have nothing but admiration, and for its generous praise nothing but pleasure.

EDGAR JOHNSON.

New York City.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Courting John Donne

I'VE just had an idea. I got up and moved my little Sangorsky and Sutcliffe copy of *Fatal Interview* to sandwich between the two Muses' Library volumes of John Donne; a split for the Dean's infinitive. That should please Mrs. Edna. Elinor Wylie's *Angels and Earthly Creatures* and Dorothy Parker's *After Such Pleasures* (both titles taken from J. D.) should stand there too, but for reasons of their own they have grown in where they stand.

I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner; but I rarely do.

It is on me to think some more about Donne. My starting point was good old parson Jessopp who with all his love for the great Dean was "not able to feel much enthusiasm for Donne as a poet." On that difficulty the magnificent Saintsbury said the final words in his introduction (1896, I think?) to E. K. Chambers's *Muses' Library* edition—

"It is almost necessary that those who do not like him should not like him at all; should be scarcely able to see how any decent and intelligent human creature can like him. It is almost as necessary that those who do like him . . . curb and restrain the expression of their love for fear that it should seem on that side idolatry." And then, after beginning in this judicial mood the grand old Stentor of modern criticism gets into good voice, forgets the anxious rector of Scarning, and cries of our unjessopped Jack such manly halloo as we desire. "Such a flower of incandescence . . . . miraculous pregnancy of thought . . . . the fantastic hippogriff of Donne's imagination . . . . there is no poet and hardly any writer like Donne." My own favorite of Saintsbury's rumbling booms (of course, like everything of his they should be read amorously in full) is his description of the provinces of thought where Donne was master—

"Strange frontier regions, uttermost isles where sensuality, philosophy, and devotion meet, or where separately dwelling they rejoice or mourn over the conquests of each other."

Good, hey?

So I've been grieving to myself over the pleasure that Dr. Jessopp missed. (Not an innocent pleasure: the innocent of this world are as mercifully defended from Donne's delicate coarseness as from his extravagant penance.) Jessopp was rector of Scarning, and I looked up that parish in my precious Crockford. (Do you know *Crockford's Clerical Directory?* Something must be said about it one of these days. I always enjoy the vigorous heart of controversy shewn in its prefaces; and there is surely a subtle irony or pathos in the description—1933 edition—of the new cathedral at Liverpool. To give an idea of the majesty of the building, its dimensions are compared to those of H. M. S. *Queen Elizabeth.* I like that: the church should be the battleship of the Lord.—If you thought the Roman and English churches had ever forgiven each other, try a rousing Crockford preface: the editor, writing from "Amen House," even suggests that Leo XIII's Latin was bad.)

JOHN DONNE

Well, I looked up Scarning in Crockford: the church (SS Peter and Paul) is in the diocese of Norwich, and the post-town is Dereham. Yes, Dereham, the town of Cowper and George Borrow: see how one thing leads to another. Unfortunately my old bicycling map of Norfolk doesn't show Scarning; it can't be very far from those drowsy villages Great Snoring and Little Snoring (whose post-town is Fakenham). According to Crockford the two Snorings get along with one parson, which seems reasonable. The vicar of Scarning (1933) was Rev. W. E. Perrin, and I'm greatly tempted to write and beg a photo of the rectory, where Dr. Jessopp studied Donne. Or surely there is some coronationing client of the Green who will go us a pilgrimage to Scarning (and to Great Snoring) and report. The Snorings are near Walsingham, which is traditional for pilgrimage.—Still studying the map I see only a few miles away the village of Stiffkey: I vaguely remember there was some superb clerical scandal there a few years ago.

Has anyone ever written the book that cries out to be done on the Literary Associations of English Rectories? What a way to spend one's summers! What long gossipping (and jessopping) tea-parties in shaven gardens—trod by "lissome clerical printless toe." What clink of silver spoons on china, what clambering up from low basket-chairs to meet the daughters of rural deans (with their massive ankles; too much bread sauce and Yorkshire pudding), what gout-fomenting sherry, what blue shadows under the copper beech. . . .

But we must get back to John Donne.

I'm sorry that Dr. Jessopp didn't relish the poems (I presume it was the *Elegies* that frightened him most) but I can't honestly feign surprise. As was more than once the case in queer old books, the very first publisher of the poems (John Marriot?) knew more about them than many subsequent highbrows.

The edition of 1633 included an admirable note *The Printer to the Understanders,* specifically distinguishing these from mere Readers. "This is not ordinary," says the printer of his book, and he adds that if any man thinks he says so "for the vent of the impression" (viz. the sale of the edition) "I shall as willingly spare his money as his judgment."

Indeed no; the *Songs and Sonnets* (which include none of what we now describe as sonnets) are not ordinary; they are as scarce as the six- and four-petalled primroses that Donne was hunting at Montgomery Castle. "If these are straight, all other things are bevel." I can imagine Dr. Jessopp being put off, again and again, by finding the poem about The Flea at the front of the book, as it appeared I think in all editions from 1635 to 1929; perhaps an error in printer's tact. Yet it would not have been unlike J. D. to set that oddity forward, to shock and startle. It is a plain intimation that the poet intends to talk about things exactly as he has experienced them, and not in any fashionable convention. Such advertisement is useful for Understanders. I remember how I was taken aback by the first page of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* a good many years ago, where Joyce employs a universal childhood memory to surprise the reader to attention. And Donne's love poems are also the portrait of a young man. I wish I knew what it was that started Jessopp, when himself a youth at Cambridge, on the zeal for Donne. For unless you have entered into the full savor of his unchurched years how may you understand the equal passion with which the great Dean wooed God? His carnal poems were indeed "a bracelet of bright hair about the bone," a circumstantial wreath of loveliness on the physical relics of joy. And later he anatomized, made love to, the Dark Angel in the same fierce gusto. I like to remember that he became Dean of St. Paul's more by accident and favor than by any serious call. What he really hankered for

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Elizabethan Mystery Man

BY CHARLES WISNER BARRELL

The theory that the Earl of Oxford wrote the plays usually attributed to William Shakespeare has for some years had an increasing vogue. The Saturday Review *believes that the movement has gained enough momentum to interest its subscribers, and publishes Mr. Barrell's summary of the theory for the literary record. It has asked Professor Elmer Edgar Stoll of the University of Minnesota to reply to Mr. Barrell's article in a discussion of the Oxford theory and similar hypotheses. Mr. Stoll's article will be published next week.—Editor.*

AT Gateshead-on-Tyne, England, lives a retired schoolmaster who is looked upon by many keen students of Elizabethan literature as the greatest of literary detectives.

This modest, sixty-seven year old pedagogue bears the provocative name of J. Thomas Looney. He is the "onlie begetter" of the theory that the plays and poems credited to "Mr. William Shakespeare" were really written by Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford.

Mr. Looney's discoveries, leading to this conclusion, were first published some seventeen years ago in a volume entitled "'Shakespeare' Identified." Smart Aleck detractors and reviewers who didn't bother to read his book, seized upon the Looney cognomen for purposes of ridicule. But the documentary facts and many hundreds of "coincidences" connecting the mysterious Earl of Oxford with the plays and poems which the author of "'Shakespeare' Identified" presents in his *dossier* are not to be laughed off so easily.

EDWARD DE VERE IN 1575
From the painting at Welbeck Abbey, owned by the Duke of Portland.

The book fell into the hands of the late John Galsworthy who read it with avidity and declared it to be "the best detective story" of the times. Galsworthy bought dozens of copies and circulated them among his friends, many of whom were of that unorthodox breed who long since had ceased to believe wholeheartedly in the strange and contradictory legends that impute the "miracle of genius" to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. For the rustic William's biographers show him to have been first a butcher's apprentice and later in life a maltster, money-lender, and land-speculator. There is no record of his having had any formal education whatever or any of the broadening influences of foreign travel. He left no books, letters, or manuscripts—not a scrap of paper to prove that he was personally able to construct one grammatical sentence. The entire extent of his manuscript bequest to humanity consists of six wretchedly scrawled signatures—spelled in four different ways.

Having taught classes in Shakespearean literature for years, Mr. Looney became less satisfied with the orthodox explanations given for the alleged genius of William of Stratford, the more he saturated himself in the beauty, wisdom, and amazing scholarship of the immortal works. Like Emerson, he could "not marry the man's vulgar and profane life to his verse." So, at the age of forty-eight, he set systematically to work to find a rational, common-sense explanation to the mystery which has puzzled so many thousands of casual readers before him.

Ultimately the trail led to the previously disregarded and half-obliterated footprints of Edward de Vere, Queen Elizabeth's wayward and unhappy Lord Great Chamberlain and one-time lover—a poet, Court dramatist, and patron of players of outstanding contemporary fame, but a man whose consuming passion for art and scholarship made him a prey to the designing machinations of politicians and courtiers, to escape whose blighting influences he turned to the companionship of common poets, dramatists, musicians, and actors; one who fell afoul of the taboos of his own caste and "lost his good name" as a result; a nobleman, bearing the second oldest title in the realm, who "wasted his substance" and "squandered his patrimony on men of letters, whose bohemian mode of life seems to have attracted him."

Historians of the period have treated Edward de Vere with considerably less than justice, entirely aside from his connection with the Shakespearean authorship. He lives in their pages as a morose and eccentric lordling who quarreled with the good Sir Philip Sidney on the tennis courts; a licentious wastrel who made his wife miserable and caused his father-in-law—the great Lord Burghley—much trouble and embarrassment from time to time. Froude passes him up curtly as "Burghley's ill-conditioned son-in-law." Sir Sidney Lee, who wrote the sketch of his life for the "Dictionary of National Biography," admits the many references to Vere's preoccupation with poetry, music, and the drama, but also belabors him unmercifully for his improvidence and the scandal of his private life. On the other hand, Dr. A. B. Grosart, one of the great pioneers in Elizabethan research, commented in 1872 on the force and beauty of Lord Oxford's early verse and lamented their seemingly unfulfilled promise in these words: "An unlifted shadow lies across his memory."

This shadow has now been lifted to disclose a personality that seems to anticipate on a grander and more tragic scale the strange career of Lord Byron.

The research of J. Thomas Looney, amplified and corroborated by Bernard M. Ward in the first adequate biography of Edward de Vere, based on previously uncollected records of his activities and family papers and correspondence, "The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford" (John Murray, 1928), directly connects this remarkable man with the literary renaissance that came to full flower in the last years of Elizabeth. The collated facts of his life, his letters, and writings match up with so many situations, plots, characterizations, technical tricks of composition, and, in fact, whole passages of poetry that reappear in the work published under the name of William Shakespeare that Oxford's identification with the plays and poems is unmistakable.

It may surprise many readers to learn that Lord Oxford is referred to by Elizabethan commentators on poetry and the drama as the outstanding practitioner of these arts. He was evidently a voluminous producer, yet only a few pages of his poetry survive under his own name and none of his dramatic writings whatever, either in manuscript or printed form. If published, they were published anonymously or under a nom-de-plume. References to his career in the creative arts begin in 1578, when he was twenty-eight years old.

At this time the Earl was given an honorary degree by Oxford University. Dr. Gabriel Harvey welcomed him in a Latin oration which yields the following significant statements in Ward's translation:

For a long time past Phoebus Apollo

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has cultivated thy mind in the arts. English poetical measures have been sung by thee long enough . . . thou hast drunk deep draughts not only of the Muses of France and Italy, but hast learned the manners of many men, and the arts of foreign countries. . . . O thou hero worthy of renown, throw away the insignificant pen, throw away bloodless books and writings that serve no useful purpose; now must the sword be brought into play, now is the time for thee to *sharpen the spear* and to handle great engines of war. . . . Minerva strengthens thy right hand. . . . Thine eyes flash fire, *thy countenance shakes a spear*. . . .

Harvey delivered this harangue in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. He would hardly have ventured to make the Earl appear ridiculous on such an occasion by claiming literary preëminence for him without due warrant. Regarding the pundit's reference to "spear-shaking" it is also interesting to note that, as Lord Bulbeck, Edward de Vere's crest was a lion holding or shaking a broken spear. This fact, among many other significant allusions, is pointed out by Admiral H. H. Holland in his "Shakespeare Through Oxford Glasses" (1929).

The first Elizabethan book of creative criticism was "A Discourse of English Poetrie," published in 1586 by William Webbe. It contains this sentence:

> I may not omit the deserved commendations of many honourable and noble Lords and Gentlemen in her Majesty's Court, which in the rare devices of poetry have been and yet are most skilful: *among whom the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford may challenge to himself the title of the most excellent among the rest.*

As the "Lords and Gentlemen" who were acknowledged poets and also familiar figures at Court in the 1580's included such craftsmen as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edward Dyer, author of "My Mind to Me A Kingdom Is," Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Walter Raleigh, Fulke Greville, and Edmund Spenser, it is evident that the Earl of Oxford must have possessed remarkable gifts to be considered the best of them.

In 1589 appeared "The Arte of English Poesie," the recognized authority in its field. The anonymous author, who seems to have been John, Lord Lumley, himself a real poet, mentions:

> A crew of Courtly makers [Poets], Noblemen, and Gentlemen, who have written excellently well, *as it would appear if their doings could be found out and made public with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman, the Earl of Oxford.*

Here we have contemporary testimony of unimpeachable value that Lord Oxford was not only the best poet at Elizabeth's Court, but that he chose to dissociate his work from his own name.

The author of "The Arte of English Poesie" also gives his estimate of the most noteworthy English dramatists of the day:

> For tragedy Lord Buckhurst and Master Edward Ferrys do deserve the highest price [praise]: *the Earl of Oxford* and Master Edwards of Her Majesty's chapel for Comedy and Interlude.

All of these dramatists left examples of their work under their own names—all except Lord Oxford. As has been stated, *no play bearing his private name, title, or initials, in either manuscript or printed form, has ever come to light.*

Yet Francis Meres, the first contemporary commentator to credit a detailed list of plays and poems to the elusive "William Shakespeare" in his "Palladis Tamia" (1598), also makes this significant comment: "The best for Comedy among us bee Edward Earle of Oxford."

Edward de Vere was born at Castle Heddingham in Essex, the ancestral seat of the Veres, on April 12, 1550, the only son of John de Vere, sixteenth Earl of Oxford, and his second wife, the former Margery Golding of Belchamp St. Paul's, Essex.

One of the most precocious students of whom we have record, young Lord Bulbeck, the title by which Vere was known during his father's lifetime, matriculated as "impubes" fellow commoner at Queen's College, Cambridge, in November, 1558. His private tutors were men of such fame as Sir Thomas Smith, statesman, scholar, and author, Laurence Nowell, later Dean of Litchfield, and Vere's own uncle, Arthur Golding, first English translator of Ovid's "Metamorphoses"—the work that all Shakespearean commentators recognize as the chief source of "Venus and Adonis" and many incidents and allusions in the plays. "Golding's rendering of Ovid," says Sir Sidney Lee in his "Life of William Shakespeare," "had been one of Shakespeare's best-loved books in youth."

Upon the death of his father in 1562, Edward de Vere inherited the title of Seventeenth Earl of Oxford and Lord Great Chamberlain, together with vast estates, badly incumbered.

He became a royal ward at the age of twelve, following the sixteenth Earl's demise, and went to live at Cecil House, Westminster, with Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley, who held the office of Master of the Wards. Vere married Lady Anne Cecil, Burghley's daughter, but the marriage proved unhappy, largely because of family interference and the intrigues of enemies.

Lord Oxford was thwarted, for one reason or another, of his ambitions to win distinction in the service of the Queen as military, naval, or diplomatic officer. At length he turned to literature and the drama as outlets for his energy and scholarship. No advancement in life seems to have come easily to him, despite his acknowledged gifts and "ripeness of judgment." It was only after he had experienced great difficulty in securing the necessary permission that he finally set forth on his travels through continental Europe in 1575. Italy captured his heart completely, and he spent nearly a year there, particularly in Venice, Padua, Siena, and the old cities of the north. Upon his return to England, his enthusiasm for Italian art, literature, and customs caused him to be satirized as an "Italianated Englishman."

It will be recalled that six of the Shakespearean plays are given Italian settings, reproducing in realistic detail the atmosphere of such cities as Venice, Padua, and Mantua—the places that Lord Oxford had taken personal delight in studying at first hand. He also learned the language of the country and read its literature. Many Shakespearean scholars have been unable to account for the poet's obvious knowledge of Italian literature and art which was not available in translation or reproduction during the lifetime of William of Stratford—himself an untravelled "little Englander."

Passages in the personal correspondence of Lord Oxford with his father-in-law during the Italian sojourn reflect situations, and in some cases *repeat the exact phraseology* of passages in such plays as "The Merchant of Venice," "All's Well That Ends Well," and "Hamlet." These cannot be given in detail at this time, but the parallels are startling.

Lord Oxford's identification with the theatre as a dramatic writer and a producing patron of plays and interludes is specific and unquestioned. He is mentioned no less than five times in contemporary comments and letters as a "maker of stage devices," and as an actor in Court productions. At one time he is recorded as the owner of the lease of the Blackfriars Theatre, where plays were produced semi-privately for selected audiences. The Court Comedies of John Lyly were given in this house, which is the first of all "little theatres" known to English stage annals. John Lyly served as private secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain for a matter of ten or twelve years, and it was during this period that Lyly published his two "Euphues" novels and produced the eight light, fantastic comedies on which his fame rests. Lord Oxford's own writings, republished by Looney and Ward, show him to have been a precursor in the smart Euphuistic style of expression, based on oppositions of thought and verbal pyrotechnics, which Lyly was believed to have invented. At the same time, Shakespearean analysts are unanimous in declaring that the author of "Love's Labour's Lost," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and other early comedies "borrowed" liberally from John Lyly. Mr. Looney and his followers are of the firm opinion that the shoe was on the other foot, and that the qualities in Lyly's work that seem to anticipate Shakespeare really represent Lord Oxford's collaboration with his secretary-stage manager. Professor R. Warwick Bond's life of Lyly contains many pregnant statements that bear out this conclusion. Oxford and Lyly seem to have been on the most intimate terms for years. Lyly dedicated "Euphues and His England" (1580) to his employer in words

(*Continued on page* 14)

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DEAR THEO

The Autobiography of Vincent Van Gogh

Edited by IRVING STONE

Author of "Lust for Life"

"AMID the stuffed shirts, the sleek dickeys, and the resplendent watch-chains of nineteenth century reputations, a naked man appears," wrote *Lewis Mumford*. "He lives for thirty-seven years, life is not kind to him, it gives him poverty, starvation, discouragement. In the end it deals him one blow too many and in a lucid moment of the madness that follows, he commits suicide.

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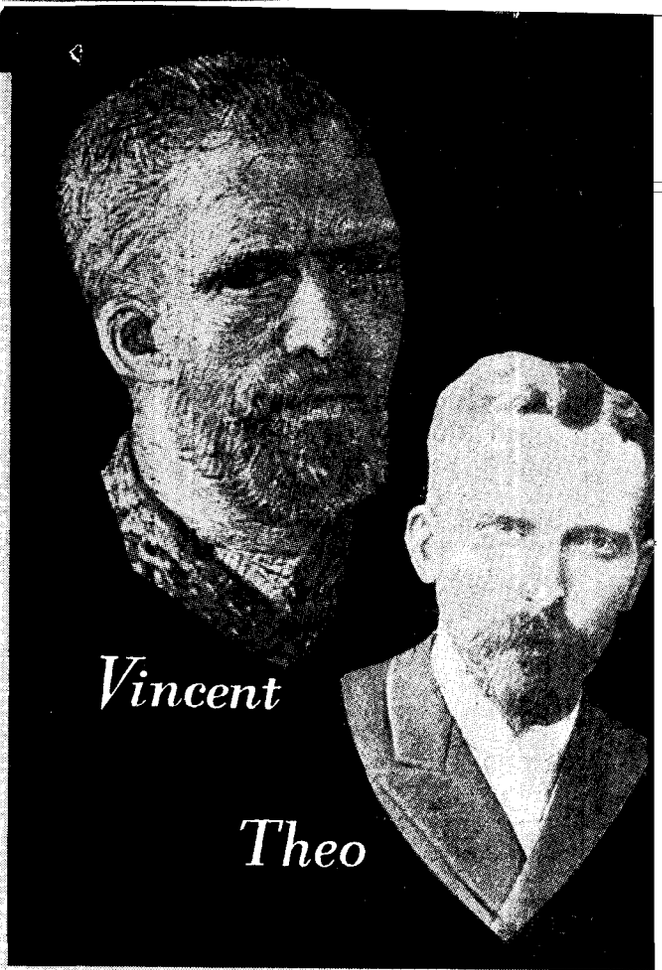

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★ ★

Elizabethan Mystery Man

(*Continued from page* 12)

that show he considered Lord Oxford the "nurse" of his literary off-spring. Oxford, with characteristic generosity, gave Lyly the lease of the Blackfriar's theatre as a gift. "*Every one of Lyly's stage comedies was printed in quarto without an author's name attached.*"

Lord Oxford finally dismissed Lyly from his service when he found that Lord Burghley was using his secretary to spy upon Oxford's private activities. And now develops the most significant circumstance of all. For although John Lyly lived for some fifteen years after he left Oxford's household, *he never wrote or produced another play or novel, although he was desperately hard up most of the time and begs and pleads in letters to Burghley to be reinstated in some lucrative employment.*

Altogether, about twenty-five poems bearing his Latin "posy," initials, or other identifying marks of Vere's authorship have been recovered from sixteenth century anthologies and manuscript collections. In each and every case these can be shown to bear the unmistakable thumbprints of "William Shakespeare." Exigencies of space forbid the inclusion of more than two or three here, with their Shakespearean parallels. We will start with this very unusual literary form, published in England's Parnassus (1600) and signed "E. of Ox.":

What plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein,
In every vein that leaves such clots behind,
Such clots behind as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain that none shall ever find
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?

Turning to "The Comedy of Errors," first published in the Folio of 1623, we find exactly the same rhythmic tricks of repetition employed to give humorous point to the harangue of Dromio of Ephesus in Act I, Scene 2:

She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
And we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default today.

A poem of Edward de Vere's found in the Rawlinson Manuscripts, which can be dated in composition during the 1580's, is reproduced in early editions of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" where it bears the title of "Women":

If women could be fair and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm not fickle, still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond,
By service long to purchase their good will,
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus do they flee to Pan,
Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man,
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease;
And then we say, when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, Oh, what a fool was I.

The six-lined stanzas, consisting of pentameters, the first four lines rhyming alternately and the last two evenly, were later given wide popularity by the author of "Venus and Adonis." Including "Women," six of Edward de Vere's recovered lyrics are of this same technical structure. Shakespearean parallels with the imagery and phraseology of Vere's poems are definite and convincing, as witness the forthright realism, epigrammatic succinctness and unity, the use of such alliterative oppositions of thought as "firm not fickle," and such words as "marvel," "purchase," "disport," "fawn and flatter," which have the ring of the master-touch.

The word *haggard*, a wild or imperfectly trained hawk, is the word, [says Looney] which naturally arrests the attention of the modern reader. Now "Shakespeare" uses it five times, and out of these no less than four are when he uses the word as a figure of speech in referring to fickleness or indiscipline in women. In "Othello" it is used identically as in the poem by De Vere, meaning a woman who "flies from man to man":

If I do find her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To play at fortune.

In the same poem De Vere speaks of making a "disport" of "training them to our lure," which is suggestive of this from "The Taming of the Shrew" (IV, 1.):

For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call.

Again De Vere speaks of the subtle oaths, the fawning, and flattering by which men "train them to their lure" in exactly the same vein as that in which Hero in "Much Ado" says (III, 1.):

Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

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Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

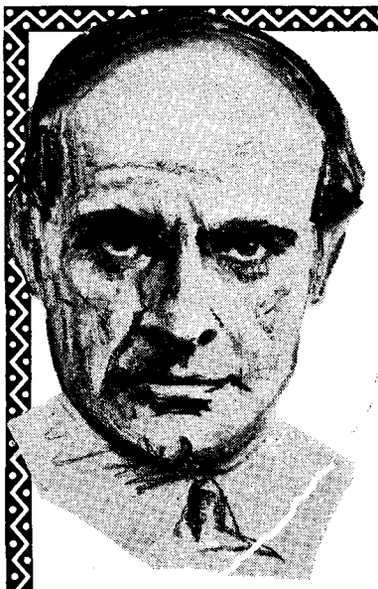
Mention has been made of John Lyly's employment as private secretary to Lord Oxford and of Lord Burghley's efforts to use the author of "Euphues" as an intelligence agent to report on Oxford's private activities, a situation that finally ended in Lyly losing his patron. Here are two exhibits bearing on this affair which will repay careful scrutiny. Read in conjunction they prove that whoever wrote Shakespeare's Sonnet No. 121 had not only experienced the same humiliating treatment that Lord Oxford complains of to his father-in-law, but with inexplicable clairvoyance, uses exactly the same striking phrase to declare himself that Oxford employs in this letter to Burghley, dated October 30, 1584:

> My Lord, This other day your man, Stainner, told me that you sent for Amis, my man, and if he were absent that Lyly should come unto you. I sent Amis, for he was in the way. And I think [it] very strange that your Lordship should enter into that course towards me; whereby I must learn that [which] I knew not before, both of your opinion and good will toward me. But I pray, My Lord, leave that course, for I mean not to be your ward nor [illegible] child. *I serve Her Majesty, and I am that I am;* and by alliance near to your Lordship, but free; and scorn to be offered that injury to think I am so weak of government as to be ruled by servants, or not able to govern myself. . . .

Compare this outburst with Shakespeare's Sonnet, first published 1609:

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling but by others' seeing;
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, *I am that I am,* and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own.
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown,
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

Shakespeare has always been credited with the first use of the expression, "I am that I am." It also appears in the King James version of the Bible (1611): "And God said unto Moses, *I am that I am.*" But here we find Lord Oxford antedating both publications in his private correspondence of 1584. What are we to think of these "coincidences"? Such a very large number of them connect the Earl of Oxford's personality with the Shakespearean creations that it has become impossible to deny the validity of their claims.



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The Amen Corner

"Je t'apporte l'enfant d'une nuit d'Idumée!"

So wrote Mallarmé in "Don du Poème," included in *Some Poems of Mallarmé*, translated by Roger Fry,[1] which the Oxford University Press[2] has brought out in a charming looking bright blue volume, the child of a lifetime of intermittent care on the part of the late English critic and painter. He worked over the texts with extreme care to preserve the rare qualities of the French writer without the restrictions imposed by an unsuitable rhyme and metre. Fry never had the leisure to write an explanatory comment on the poems himself, but, a few years before his death, he was able to persuade his friend Charles Mauron to act as commentator instead.

In addition to its excellence as a source of literary inspiration, this book will be of the utmost value to students, for it contains the authoritative original text of the poems with a literal translation on the opposite page, a detailed commentary for every poem, and a long critical introduction. It is, in short, the definitive introduction to Stéphane Mallarmé, who died in 1898, did much to form the early thought of such brilliant French writers as Paul Valéry and André Gide. He early translated Edgar Allan Poe into French, was the first of the symbolist poets, and had a great influence on the English poetic school of Imagists. Always, he stimulated others in extraordinary fashion, and these translations should have a wide influence on present-day American writers.

Which reminds us of Walter de la Mare's recent Warton Lecture on English Poetry, *Poetry in Prose*.[3] "There are few tributes to his prose style which a scrupulous writer of the present day would accept with more caution than that it is poetical," says Mr. de la Mare. "Even if he were certain that the term was not intended to suggest the merely pretty, the sentimental, fanciful, or decorated, he might still remain a trifle dubious and uneasy. But accepted as a sincere compliment, is it a legitimate compliment? Since from the poetical it is only a step on to the poetic, and only another to poetry itself, can there, then, be such a thing as poetry in prose?"

Speaking of the fanciful and decorated, there are many gems in that "endlessly entertaining" (*New York Times*) book *The Swan of Lichfield*,[4] Being a Selection from the Correspondence of Anna Seward, edited by Hesketh Pearson. "The transmigrating gentry of dusky pinion" was her phrase, as Sir Walter Scott explained, for woodcocks. But she could write sense, and did on this very subject of poetry in prose: "Everything that Johnson wrote was poetry; for the poetic essence consists not in rhyme and measure, which are only its trappings, but in that strength, and glow of fancy, to which all the works of art and nature stand in prompt administration; in that rich harmony of period,

'More tunable than needs the metric powers
To add more sweetness.'"

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 10)

(it is said) was to go out to Virginia. I wish he had, and written the first American book.

It is graceless to enjoy a deep and subtle enthusiasm without saying thanks to those who have heartened it. I never made any pursuit of Donne entire until I read an article by "Affable Hawk" (in the London *New Statesman*) in the spring of 1923. I did not have the slightest idea who Mr. Hawk was, but he made the excellent remark that in the case of Donne "it is not safe to leave one poem unread, however repellently unpromising it may appear." How often I have found, and shall continue to find, that so. How many blinking phrases which, as Hawk said, "reveal more and more significance under the pressure of attention." Donne himself somewhere speaks of

this sullen writ
Which just so much courts thee as thou dost it.

And how few readers there will ever be who are willing to any courting. Modern reading is a kind of rape.

I learned later that "Affable Hawk" was Mr. Desmond MacCarthy; his one essay on Donne is reprinted in his book called *Criticism* (Putnam, 1932) and I commend you to it. I am always amused by the instructions for reading the *Sermons* (which have been cunningly cribrated by Pearsall Smith—a Donnean word—by Pearsall Smid—a Donne-ian):—

"Having dressed with the usual care, preferably in a garb of some richness, put on your skull-cap, light two tall candles, draw your high-backed chair towards the rubies and ashes of a declining fire. . . . Unless interrupted too soon by dinner, or by too keen a desire for it, you may succeed in finishing one of them."

I do not altogether agree. Sermons are not composed for solitude. Surely they are best read aloud, after one swingeing highball, to a few (a very few) heterodox companions.—But of course there are several ways of courting Donne, even as (in one of his less quotable gymnosophies) he discussed alternative approaches for Eros.

I've sometimes wondered why scholars haven't had the same sport of analyzing, decussating and rearranging the *Songs and Sonnets* that has given them such frolic in the sonnets of Shakespeare? (Perhaps they have, and I just don't know about it.) It wouldn't be impossible, by shifting them about, to construct some sort of narrative sequence or romantic plot. To identify which of the poems are addressed to Anne, which to other more accessible ladies; to attempt to account for the changes of mood from cynicism to tenderness and back again; even to reckon the probabilities of fleabite in the 1590's, would be in the accepted critical vein. It would be "profanation of our joys," but it would rate a Ph.D. almost anywhere. I once drew up a sort of plot-synopsis of the love poems and enjoyed trying to jigsaw them into a telltale serial. But the order in which they stand is good enough (bating *The Flea*, which Mr. Hayward in the Nonesuch edition shifts to precede *The Curse*). So you come unexpectedly, in mid-reading, on the Supreme Seven. They begin with the *Valediction Forbidding Mourning*, going on through the mysticism of *The Ecstacy*, humor (and his cherished grievous pun of *Deity* and *Diet*) sardonic irony, and purest pathos turning again to sour wit. What, I can't help wondering, did Dr. Jessopp require of poetry? Is it possible that he, or anyone who has ever observed that human beings are of two kinds, would not recognize here in seven poems every mood in the masculine gamut? Those few pages, I think, are the biography of man from (say) twenty to fifty. They "us to us convey." Can you, for the first or five hundredth time, come unscathed upon such lines as

Pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation—

or, in quite another mood, would you not say that here is the perfect motto for the column of PERSONALS:—

His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was.

It is not surprising that in the past twenty years John Donne—though often appearing under other names—has been the most influential poet in English. In all the arts the effective moment of power is often the one of which we are least consciously aware.

I have not, for discretion ("which love worst endures") said anything about some of the other poems. In the *Elegies* you'll find his technique of shock at its most powerful: among the horrors of physical geography you come upon

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

I used to wonder, in my simplicity, whether he really had been denied as often as the poems suggest. I dare say it was so: he may well have been a disconcerting companion. But no modern woman-poet has ever turned him down.

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The Cotton Problem

THE STORY OF KING COTTON. By Harris Dickson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN D. ALLEN

HISTORICAL and contemporary facts about cotton might be arranged in various patterns. A sociologist, diligent with data and concerned to know the costs of cotton culture in terms of human welfare, would choose one pattern, and the result might be such an excellent study as Arthur Raper's "A Preface to Peasantry." An elderly lawyer-jurist, reared in the rich Yazoo-Mississippi Delta plantation region with whose propertied class he is identified, would choose a different pattern. And if to these determinants were added a facile gift for light fiction and magazine journalism, the result might well be the book which Mr. Dickson has actually written.

Mr. Dickson does tell a good deal of cotton's history. If his predilection is slightly for the romantic, his humor somewhat fatigued by supporting the Mark Twain tradition, he does manage to crowd much more-or-less factual material into his breezy pages. One learns about "the antiquity of pants," about our rude forefathers who wore bearskins "while Peruvian Incas robed themselves in imperial cotton garments." One learns about colonial cotton culture, Whitney's gin and the growth of slavery, the "Civil War and Reconstruction"—after which, "his grim lips closed upon the past," the ruined Southerner "set himself again to the world-old task of the Anglo-Saxon, organization, supremacy, empire." Chapters on tenants and sharecroppers and masters, the boll weevil, mechanical cotton pickers, coöperatives, depression. A delicately balanced presentation of the arguments for and against the Roosevelt agricultural and relief policies, with the scale tipping at last in their favor. And, genteel fancy now lifting a brow to fact, one is told much about Colonel Darius Woodville, "one type of cotton planter who lived before and just after our Civil War"; and about George Washington Johnson, who is "still with us, indolent, good-natured and improvident, the same old Wash, unchanged and unchangeable."

Mr. Dickson is realist enough to know that cotton-growing is a business affected by tariffs, speculations, inventions, foreign competition, wars—by dozens of factors in present world society. Of these phenomena, cut to his instinctively chosen pattern, he writes with easy authority. But he seems to forget that dozens of equally urgent factors, among them hookworm, malaria, lynchings, and the one-teacher school, can determine the qualities of unprivileged Southern whites and blacks, including "those qualities that accumulate property or command success."

John D. Allen is on the faculty of Mercer University, Macon, Ga.

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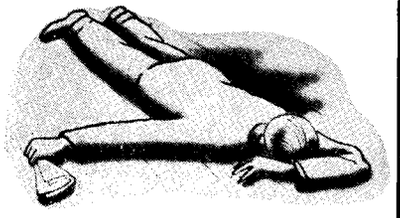

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The New Books

Fiction

THE SCANDALS OF CLOCHEMERLE. By Gabriel Chevallier. Simon & Schuster. 1937. $2.50.

Back of this book, as is so often the case with even more effervescent products of France, there lies a grave and hard reality. True to the traditions of Latin logic with which the French are so fond of crediting themselves, the author has not neglected to show that the amusing crescendo of events in his story is a result of no less a fact of history than the separation of Church and State. It all begins when the anti-clericals in a small wine-growing community install one of those public conveniences, so common in France and so hard to find in America, just outside the door of the village church.

M. Chevallier displays a good deal of wit and more high spirits in telling how this circumstance sets Clochemerle on its collective ear, fatally disturbs several local romances, and starts several new ones when the military are brought into the district to keep the peace, and finally serves as excuse for the fall of another Ministry, which in turn disrupts another Disarmament Conference at Geneva. Having fun with the politicians is the author's forte. His book is never better than when it is exposing the complicated machinations which make an international crisis of a village row. For the rest, much of the very Palais-Royal-farce plot moves so fast that the reader remains unaware of the varying quality of separate episodes, and is only conscious at the end that a pretty lively time has been had by everyone concerned with Clochemerle and the doings there. One or two passages come too close to cruelty to be wholly pleasant. At some time in his career the author must have suffered severely at the hands of some spying old maid, for his portrait of Justine Putet, the cause of all the trouble, is positively savage. Her final insanity strikes the only definitely false note in the book.

Curiously, certain bourgeois sensibilities in supposedly unshockable France were seriously offended by this book, but it is probably picturesque enough and sufficiently "foreign" to enchant American readers who would be mad as all get out if it were laid in their own home town. Anyway, here is "Clochemerle," a really funny book, very well translated, and all ready to send to the Europe-bound steamers to serve as the excellent guide-book to French wit that it is.

T. P., JR.

STRAW IN THE WIND. By Ruth Lininger Dobson. Dodd, Mead. 1937. $2.

This novel, the year's Hapwood prize-winner, should interest all those who are looking hopefully for an interpretation of the complete American scene by "regional" writers. Its locale is an Amish settlement in Indiana, where superstition and bigotry still survive, apparently wholly unaffected by the social forces which in the past two or three decades have so changed the farming picture of the rest of the Middle West.

The plot is the familiar one of the patriarchal tyrant who sacrifices wife, children, neighbors, and his own happiness in his greed for land and in the exploitation of his ego. It is largely the unfamiliar dialect and the folk superstitions that make it somehow different and keep your interest sustained to the end, even

(*Continued on page* 21)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE STATE VS. ELNA JEPSON *Nancy Barr Mavity* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Nice girl who loved dangerously finds herself enmeshed in murder trial—and is the getting out difficult!	The crime lies before you, and in striking scenes you see how justice works—and almost comes a cropper.	Illuminating
THE MOON SAW MURDER *Gail Oliver* (Macmillan: $2.)	Lots of people had reasons for killing Vashti Parr, but second murder, with complications, keeps police Capt. Ten Eyche on the run.	Nice problem, refined hotel atmosphere, any number of exciting blind alleys, and a plot that keeps you steadily guessing.	Well worked out
THE CANDLE *Linton C. Hopkins* (Green Circle: $2.)	Innocent brass candlestick, secret formula, and potent red pellet cause several deaths, unsolved till interested party explains all.	General spookiness of yarn slightly shattered when reader knows what all the shootin's about, but suspense is well maintained.	Good
THE ANGER OF THE BELLS *Virginia Rath* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sudden death smites three residents of Western ghost town but Rocky Allan and a friendly feline unmask the killer.	Unusual and interesting locale, some mild malapropish humor, sufficiency of "quaint" characters and red herrings—and clever solution.	Worth reading

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Chicago To Far Away

We present immediately below the text of a communication:

Sept. 28, 1879.
St. Thomas [de Jolliette, P.Q.]
Dear Sir
I receved your letter. I cannot accept your las condition, I am sick five weeks ago then I cannot go to chicago it is to far away for an old person sick as I am.
I remain yours truly
ALEXIS ST. MARTIN

Apart from the Miltonic orthography, St. Martin's prose style is utterly lacking in distinctive nuances. True, he adheres admirably to the Wellingtonian formula for adequate expression: "Have something to say. Say it." It is obvious that, unlike Père Dionne two generations later, he did not go to Chicago.

What of it? Why dignify his senile querulousness with a facsimile frontispiece in a brochure carrying the dignified imprint of the William L. Clements Library in the University of Michigan? Why entitle the brochure itself "Four Letters of Alexis St. Martin"?

Now one either knows precisely who Alexis St. Martin was or one has not the slightest idea. It is the Compleat Collector's business to know things like this, because St. Martin, without being the author of it, was the *fons et origo* of a classic in the history of American, nay of universal medicine—William Beaumont's "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion" (Plattsburgh, New York, 1833).

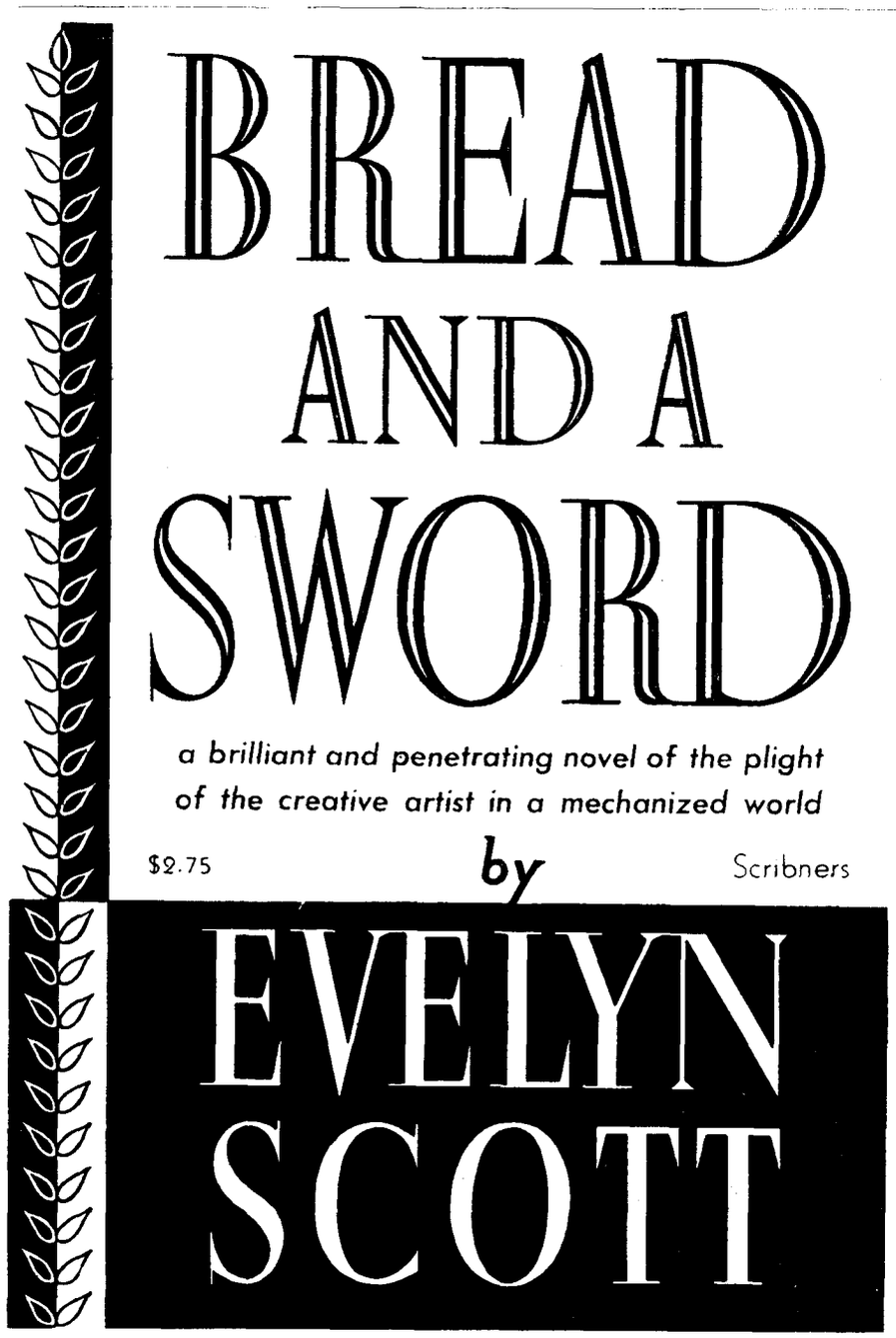
St. Martin rode to fame (and barely stopped short of immediate eternity) on an accidental shot-gun discharge that tore into his left side and inflicted a terrible wound. This was on June 6, 1822, when he was nineteen years old—the place, Fort Mackinac, Michigan.

His desperate predicament made possible a series of experiments that have had more to do with our own physical well-being than the electric light or the gasoline engine or Mr. Pitkin. The story is available in the late Dr. Victor C. Vaughan's account of Beaumont (St. Martin's attending physician) in the Dictionary of American Biography.

Beaumont died in 1853 at the age of sixty-seven. His prize patient survived him thirty years, dying at eighty and mourned by seventeen children. His family, fearful of the post-mortem temptation which he offered to science, buried him eight feet deep.

The four St. Martin letters described in the Clements Library pamphlet are the gift of Dr. Frederick Coller, director of the department of surgery in the University of Michigan. They disclose the fact that in 1879 the Rush Medical College of Chicago tried to induce St. Martin to submit to further experiments. He agreed to go to Chicago if a son could accompany him, but a contract sent him by the college authorities omitted this condition. St. Martin returned it unsigned. The college must then have communicated with him again, although their reply is lost, and the postal of September 28, 1879, textually reproduced above, was the response. St. Martin would stomach no more. Can we eupeptics blame him?

Some recent catalogue citations: James F. Drake, Inc., 24 West 40th St., New York: "The Education of Henry Adams," Washington, 1907, $450; Cather's "My Antonia," Boston, 1918, contemporary presentation copy, $175; Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," New York, 1900, $200; William H. Robinson, Ltd., 16 Pall Mall, London; the fourth printed and first dated Bible (Mainz: Fust and Schoeffer, 1462), £450; Richardson's "Pamela," London, 1741-2, £800; Collector's Bookshop, 37 West 47th Street, New York: Paul Laurence Dunbar's "Oak and Ivy," Dayton, 1893, $25; Robinson's "The Torrent and the Night Before," Gardiner, Maine, 1896, presentation, $300; Santayana's "Sonnets," 1894, two copies in variant bindings, $25; Dauber & Pine, 66 Fifth Ave., New York: Kipling's "Letter . . . on a Possible source of The Tempest," Providence, 1906, $185; Charles P. Everitt, 856 Lexington Ave., New York: Shillibeer's "Narrative of The Briton's Voyage to Pitcairn's Island," London, 1817, $12.50; Stanley O. Bezanson, 1 Court St., Boston: Voltaire's "Letters Concerning the English Nation," London, 1733, $35; C. A. Stonehill, Jr., 26 Museum St., London: Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachalot," London, 1898, the dedication copy, £85; Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London: William Caslon's first type-specimen sheet, London, about 1730, £6 6s.



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What lay behind ZOLA'S most famous phrase

"J'accuse!"

ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE

by Lee M. Friedman

THE true and documented story of those stirring days when the eyes of the entire world were turned on France, when Zola raised a lone voice in defense of Captain Dreyfus and against the entire French military system—the drama of a great writer who espoused an apparently hopeless cause, and won!

The author of ZOLA AND THE DREYFUS CASE is a distinguished American lawyer who has long been a student of the case. He has illustrated the book from his large collection of Dreyfusiana—documents, photographs and cartoons. The book also includes a hitherto unpublished letter from Zola to the editor who published the "J'accuse" denunciation. $2.00

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ROLL RIVER. By James Boyd. *Scribners.*
THE AMERICAN TALLEYRAND. By Holmes Alexander. *Harpers.*
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL. By T. S. Eliot. *Harcourt, Brace.*

For a German Summer

R. I. H. of Snyder, N. Y., *is planning a trip through Germany this summer and wants to know of books on the country and the people. "I do not mean only travel books," she says, "but novels, plays, poetry, history,—all in translation. I should also like to know of a competent conversation guide."*

THERE is, of course, a plethora of material on contemporary Germany, so much in fact, that the easiest way to cut the Gordian knot of decision as to what to choose is to settle upon one little volume which, despite its brevity, is as illuminating a portrayal of the political set-up of the nation as can be found. That is Hamilton Fish Armstrong's HITLER'S REICH (Macmillan), an informed, judicial, and admirably lucid analysis of Hitlerism and its works. Events march so fast in these days that almost before a book is off the press it is outdated. Still, such volumes as Edgar Ansel Mowrer's GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK (Morrow) and Oswald Garrison Villard's THE GERMAN PHOENIX (Smith & Haas, now Random House), published two or three years ago, contain much that is valuable as description of present conditions and are excellent discussions of how Germany went the road of dictatorship. If R. I. H. wants to go back of Hitlerism and study the annals of the earlier Germany one of the best books she can turn to is George P. Gooch's GERMANY (Scribners). Another volume which is full of meat and is both discerning and penetrating is Eugen Diesel's GERMANY AND THE GERMANS (Macmillan).

Travel books on Germany have fallen off very much in the past few years. Nothing, of course, can ever be done in the way of seeing the country without Baedeker; that is the first essential and the indispensable of every trip. If R. I. H. has not already got the volumes that cover the various sections, it would be well worth while procuring them in advance of her departure. They make interesting reading both before and after a journey. Frank Schoonmaker, who has been turning out a series of lively and helpful volumes on various European countries, has one entitled COME WITH ME THROUGH GERMANY (McBride) that is a pleasant companion. In his BLUE RHINE, BLACK FOREST Louis Untermeyer has written a "different" sort of travel book, one in which legend and literature are interwoven with description.

When it comes to works of fiction, poetry, etc., it is almost impossible to do more than give names of authors. If R. I. H. wants to familiarize herself with the writers who have held sway in recent years she should get the books of Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Jacob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, Arnold and Stefan Zweig, Alfred Neumann, and Lion Feuchtwanger, to name but a few of the more outstanding figures. If she wishes novels that will give her a picture of conditions in the past few years she will find that among the most interesting of such works are Feuchtwanger's THE OPPERMANNS (Viking), Ernst Glaeser's THE LAST CIVILIAN (McBride), Hans Fallada's LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?, and Hermann Broch's trilogy, THE SLEEPWALKERS (Little, Brown). Erich Maria Remarque, whose ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT is one of the classics of the war, is just this week publishing another tale of his countrymen which ought to win wide favor. THREE COMRADES (Little, Brown) is a novel which happily tempers tragedy with humor, presents well realized and sharply differentiated characters, and tells a touching story against a grim background of social and political turmoil. Murray's HANDBOOK OF TRAVEL TALK (Scribners) should prove a useful conversation guide.

Novels of Locale

W. R. B. of Grinnell, Ia., *wants "the names of several novels which keep their character in relation to the environmental setting. Their very ideas and activities should reflect as a mirror some country such as China, or Italy, or Spain."*

I leave out THE GOOD EARTH, since W. R. B. mentions it himself, and pass on to another novel of China, written, like Mrs. Buck's, by a foreigner, André Malraux's MAN'S FATE (Random House), a vivid depiction of the country in revolution. The action is concentrated on two days in 1927, and is vivid, revelatory, and convincing. One of M. Malraux's countrymen, Jules Romains, is producing over a series of years a portrayal of France that is precisely the kind of interpretation for which W. R. B. looking. His MEN OF GOOD WILL (Knopf) is one of the outstanding works of fiction of recent years and, though long and still unfinished, should be a "must" on W. R. B.'s list. Another work of distinction is Ladislas Reymont's THE PEASANTS (Knopf), a large canvas of Poland. Sean O'Faolain's A NEST OF SIMPLE FOLK (Viking) is a charming tale of Irish country folk, racy of the land and the peasantry, and Maurice O'Sullivan's TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING (Viking) is a narrative of similar sort. Quite one of the most touching novels of the past few years, tender despite the indignant emotion which infuses it, is Ignacio Silone's FONTAMARA (Random House), in which the bewildered peasantry of Italy are shown at the mercy of the Fascist authorities. Silone's new novel, BREAD AND WINE, (Harpers), which has just appeared, is another effective portrayal of the struggle of the liberal spirit against bureaucratic control.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E G. QUERCUS

LYNN CARRICK has just announced the formation of the book publishing firm of Carrick & Evans, Inc., which will open offices on May 3 at 20 East 57th Street, New York. The officers of the company are: Mr. Carrick, President; Robert F. Evans, Vice-President and Treasurer; and John Reynolds, Secretary.

Pach Bros.
LYNN CARRICK

Mr. Carrick entered publishing in 1926. He has been associated with the Princeton University Press, the Oxford University Press, and Henry Holt and Company. In 1931 he became advertising manager of G. P. Putnam's Sons and later editor and Secretary of the company. Three years ago he left Putnam's to serve as editor of Bobbs-Merrill trade book department in New York, withdrawing a few weeks ago to organize the present company.

White Studio
ROBERT F. EVANS

Mr. Evans, who has just left Charles Scribner's Sons, was formerly active in newspaper publishing. At one time publisher and editor of *The Quincy Evening News,* Quincy, Mass., he has had experience as book-reviewer, columnist and city editor. Having traveled extensively in Europe and Africa, he was twice a foreign correspondent.

A Report by Young Q.

☞Doubleday, Doran have opened their handsome new bookshop at 436 Fifth Avenue, adjoining Lord and Taylor's. Mr. Lee Weber is manager; and Mr. James Leary is assistant manager. Both are natives of Nebraska. ☞As Young Q. was about to enter the shop he came upon a suspicious sight. Mr. Eddie Ziegler, Doubleday, Doran book traveler and ninth among America's fifty best dressed men, was gazing into one of the windows. Mr. George Hecht, generalissimo of all the Doubleday shops, later confessed that each morning at nine-thirty he places Mr. Ziegler just outside the door as bait to attract Fifth Avenue's women shoppers.

☞The shop was designed and decorated by J. Stott Dawson and Marshall Oliver, associates of F. H. Holden, architect. It is about 100 feet deep by 25 feet wide. And its long and high right wall is completely panelled in mirror from the ceiling to the shoulder-high, modernistic, grey-green bookshelves; thus an effect of much greater spaciousness is achieved. ☞Among the shop's nifties is a shiny new carpet sweeper. It and the wide expanse of carpet in the center aisle proved too great a temptation to Mr. Weber on the day that Q. was there. While he was talking to Mr. Hecht he was delighted to see Mr. Weber seize the cleaner and start down the aisle. Q. will wager that Mr. Bernard Gimbel seldom has as much fun as that. ☞Young Q.'s enjoyable visit was capped, just as he was leaving, by the sight of a (diminishing) stack of *SRL*s on sale near the door.

☞The A. B. A. Convention will take place May 9, 10, and 11 at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York. Among the highlights will be a discussion of fair trade practice by Dr. Crichton Clarke; numerous interesting round-table discussions on special problems of the trade; a conference with three book advertising experts on "Building a Book Campaign"; entertainments by Doubleday, Doran at Garden City and by the Derrydale Press in New York; and of course the Tuesday evening banquet, at which Dale Carnegie and Dean Alfange will speak.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

when the story itself has been told so many times as to have lost its freshness. The style is restrained, and the characters for the most part well drawn. The situations are well knit although too often they seem less inevitable than devised.

In short Miss Dobson in this novel has demonstrated intelligence and training. She has written a story definitely better than most first novels, and when to clear thinking and technique she has learned to add some of the passion that underlies all art, she may well write a truly important one.

M. S. U.

Travel

ROAD MY BODY GOES. By Clifford Gessler. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $3.50.

"This is the road my body goes, lost in the foaming sea," the natives chanted, and the author and his friend Emory chanted with them, for they had been three months on Tepuka in the South Sea Islands, and the boat of the scientific expedition which they were to rejoin was long overdue. Prepared by many years of residence in Hawaii, and with the knowledge of a language similar to the Tepukan, they had readily adapted themselves to life on the atoll. Emory was after ethnological data, Gessler after peace.

The various legends in the book were obtained from the premissionary elders, and agree in essentials with those of the earlier study by Teuira Henry for the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. The discrepancies are due, doubtless, to the whimsical memories of the aged chron-

(*Continued on next page*)

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SH - H - H - H - H !

"The Scandals of Clochemerle" has just been published!

The Adjective Department of *The Inner Sanctum* reports itself completely out of stock on the following words:

Witty	Cheerful
Wicked	Anatole Francian
Civilized	Gay
Urbane	Hilarious
Charming	Joyful
Delightful	Vinous
Unregenerate	Inflammatory

and Wonderful

The shortage occurs because of the fact that these words have been used, several times each, by editors, salesmen and booksellers who have read advance copies of *The Scandals of Clochemerle,* by GABRIEL CHEVALLIER.

Your correspondents will therefore confine themselves to adjectiveless (well, almost) copy in this ad and simply state facts.

To give a complete outline of the plot would be highly unfair, not only to the book, but to you, because you are going to have such a grand time reading it. But to give you just a general idea of why it is going to make your Spring perfect, here is a little, very sketchy hint:

Clochemerle (pronounced Klush-mairl, in case you took Spanish instead of French at school) is a tiny, very active wine-growing town in France, noted for the beauty of its women and the excellence of its wine. For political reasons, its mayor decides to put up a public edifice for the good of the populace.

He decides, not on a library or a post-office, but on that time-honored French institution which is "useful from the point of view of the public health as well as public morals"—the *urinoir.*

How this decision starts a violent controversy in the town itself, how that controversy inflames France, and how it eventually causes a Geneva Disarmament Conference to disband, you will find in lush detail in the book itself.

You had better read *The Scandals of Clochemerle* right away. Otherwise your friends are going to try to spoil it for you by telling you some of the choice passages. Everything points to its becoming a No. 1 best-seller.

—ESSANDESS

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

iclers. The chants could not always be translated, or even understood by the natives themselves, for they were in the "root language" addressed to the gods and ancestors.

Gessler found blond children on this island of Tepuka where no white man other than one missionary had ever lived before, and learned through legend that there had been Polynesian blonds since the settlement of the race in the Tuamotus. He found relic ships of hand-hewn planks sewn with coconut fiber, and heard of their incredible voyages to Hawaii. He witnessed and attested soberly the sexual mores of a people traduced by romantic writers and anthropologists alike.

But a boat came at last and carried him through the "cloud of islands" to Tahiti, where he encountered a different sort of island life among the prostitutes and vagabonds of the port. The book concludes with five appendices, summarizing the material of the author's research and compressing compactly the advice which every traveler, actual or visionary, to such an island as Tepuka requires. It is a book full of wisdom and warmth.

H. D.

TO EUROPE

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$65!

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The name of the book is **"HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH,"** by William M. Strong. If you've already decided to travel, you need this book—if you haven't, you need it still more! Only $1.50 at your bookstore, or direct from DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., Dept. 665, Garden City, N. Y.

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ITALY'S ADMIRERS. Express your kindly feelings in the special Italy's issue of "Columbus Magazine," 126 Fifth Avenue.

THE BLUE DOOR INN, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers a quiet, restful summer—good food, good beds, and open fires. Minimum weekly rate $20. Opening May 1st. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

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FOR RENT—Furnished—June 1 to Oct. 1. 11-12-room red brick house; no conveniences. Brook. Few neighbors. 20 miles from Catskill, 3 miles from Durham; 40 miles from Albany. Write A. K. Inglis, 127 C Street, N. E. Washington, D. C.

PERSONALS

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AN INSTITUTION offers support, honorable work, useful life to some pianos whose owners can no longer shelter them. No superannuated instruments need apply, since the institution is educational, not a hospital. Transportation paid. Box 973-B.

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S. O. S. Female submerged in world of women needs resuscitating effect of correspondence with masculine sharer of enthusiasm for things out-of-doors. Box 976-B.

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Double-Crostics: No. 162

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	1-G	2-X	■	3-Q	4-U	5-B	■	6-K	7-O	8-I	9-B	10-Z	11-F	■	12-J	■
13-P	14-A	■	15-Z	16-N	17-B	18-K	19-R	20-T	21-S	■	22-H	23-M	■	24-F	25-W	26-A
■	27-L	■	28-P	29-A	30-H	31-B	■	32-J	33-Z	34-H	35-E	■	36-I	37-H	38-F	39-E
40-Y	41-J	■	42-P	43-C	44-V	■	45-I	46-C	47-K	48-Q	49-S	50-E	51-J	■	52-N	53-I
54-C	55-K	56-S	57-J	■	58-D	59-E	■	60-M	61-B	62-C	■	63-R	64-F	65-P	66-T	67-S
68-B	69-K	■	70-M	71-J	■	72-H	73-P	74-I	75-B	76-Q	77-D	78-T	■	79-M	80-C	81-P
■	82-J	83-L	84-R	85-Q	86-S	87-H	88-D	■	89-C	90-M	■	91-Z	92-U	93-T	94-F	95-J
96-E	■	97-K	98-J	■	99-N	100-A	101-M	■	102-I	103-P	104-Y	105-D	106-A	107-L	■	108-P
109-A	■	110-F	111-N	112-V	113-Q	■	114-L	115-Y	■	116-R	117-Z	118-T	119-X	120-U	121-E	122-W
123-V	124-N	125-F	126-I	■	127-H	128-P	129-G	130-B	■	131-P	■	132-Q	133-X	134-U	135-C	■
136-U	137-M	138-W	139-Q	140-H	■	141-M	142-C	143-L	■	144-W	145-Y	146-O	■	147-C	148-H	■
149-B	150-Z	151-U	152-X	153-G	154-O	155-Q	156-E	157-V	■	158-O	159-L	■	160-E	161-V	162-U	163-D
164-O	165-Q	166-Z	167-R	168-P	■	169-W	170-I	171-Q	172-K	173-V	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words: therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Mean, contemptible (slang).
B. Peculiar and refined in kind (Fr.).
C. A Gilbert and Sullivan character.
D. Roman god of the Dead.
E. Pilfered.
F. Pensively yearning.
G. Heroine of "Die Meistersinger."
H. Treatise on the State by Thomas Hobbes.
I. Spiritless, indifferent.
J. Largest of Canary Islands.
K. A Turk.
L. A daughter of Danaüs.
M. Strengthening (like a tonic).
N. Birthplace of Hawthorne.
O. A mite, pigmy.
P. Great epic of the Hindus.
Q. Not authoritative.
R. Gives voice to.
S. Massachusetts historian and senator (1850-1924).
T. Worn out; dull.
U. Enthusiastic popular reception.
V. To crowd together.
W. Nymph of lakes and fountains.
X. Port in Northern Egypt.
Y. European capital.
Z. Distinguished.

WORDS

14 100 29 109 106 26
5 130 68 61 9 75 149 17 31
147 80 43 54 46 89 135 142 62
58 163 77 105 88
96 59 121 39 160 50 156 35
110 94 24 38 11 64 125
153 129 1
140 148 30 37 72 22 127 34 87
36 53 8 45 170 74 126 102
51 57 82 41 32 12 71 98 95
47 69 55 97 6 18 172
143 114 159 83 27 107
90 70 79 23 137 141 101 60
16 124 52 111 99
164 146 158 154 7
73 42 28 13 65 103 128 168 108 81 131
48 155 171 3 132 85 165 76 139 113
167 19 116 84 63
56 86 21 49 67
66 78 118 20 93
4 120 162 136 134 92 151
161 123 44 157 112 173
144 25 138 169 122
2 133 119 152
145 115 40 104
117 150 166 15 91 10 33

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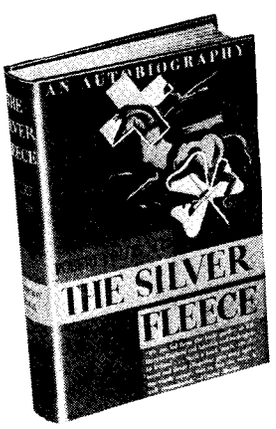

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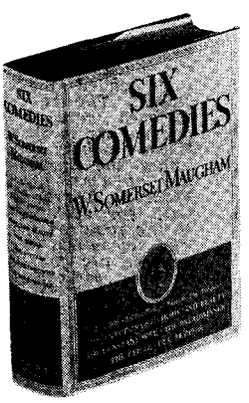

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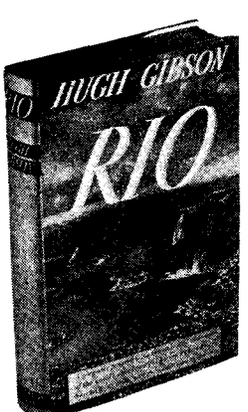

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